



THE SKETCH



REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

No. 1526—Vol. CXVIII.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26, 1922.

ONE SHILLING.



HEROINE OF "THE LUCK OF THE IRISH": MISS ANNA Q. NILSSON; A VISITOR TO ENGLAND.

Miss Anna Querentia Nilsson, one of the most beautiful screen stars, was born in Sweden, and "discovered" by the American artist, Mr. Penrhyn Stanlaws, who made her the model of his magazine-cover girl. Miss Nilsson is now on a visit to England. She will shortly be seen in her

latest film, "The Luck of the Irish." This new Gaumont picture has nothing to do with Sinn Fein troubles; but is a thrilling tale of knight-errantry and adventure, laid in New York, Venice, Cairo, and Singapore. Miss Nilsson, as Ruth Warren, is a beautiful and much-harassed heroine.

PHOTOGRAPH EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH" BY HUGH CECIL.



Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")



INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND.

Cricket!

Within a few days of the publication of this issue of *The Sketch* the 1922 cricket season will be in full swing. Until I became a member of a County club I never realised what the cricket season meant to thousands of aged and ailing gentlemen who live, I now verily believe, for those few brief months of sunshine and amusement.

How they get through September, October, November, December, January, February, March, and April, I cannot imagine. They read, of course, every scrap of cricket news they can discover in their newspapers, and I often wish, for their sakes, that Editors could find something to say about cricket all through the winter. No other sport can take its place for these old lovers of the game.

And when at last the cricket season does come round, how pitifully little they see of it! On our County ground this season there are to be only eight first-class fixtures! Twenty-four days' cricket, probably less, not taking the possibility of bad weather into account. Fancy waiting eight months for, say, twenty days' cricket! Twenty days' pleasure in the whole of the year, and that at a time of life when you cannot reasonably expect many more years!

Something wrong here, gentlemen of the Committee. If you want members you must give them more for their money.

Tennis!

Lawn-tennis, in that portion of the world in which I happen to be living, goes on all the year round. (So does real tennis, for that matter, but we don't see it. Such sacred rites are not for the general.) All the winter through, unless the hard courts are covered with snow or the rain is pelting down in torrents, you may see the tennis-players capering over the asphalt.

They are of all ages, these devotees, and all classes. There are very perfect young men with the latest style of service, most of which goes into the net; and there are old gentlemen who fasten the ends of their trousers with cycle-clips, clutch the racket somewhere about the spring, and slice at the ball in cunning fashion as though they were carving ham. There are young women in extremely short skirts and extremely long stockings who would be arrested forthwith if they dared to step off the tennis-court; and there are careless flappers who suck sweets all the time they are playing, and don't care a dump where the ball goes so long as they get rid of it.

If that sort of thing goes on all the winter, imagine the orgies of tennis that summer brings! *Everybody* plays. There are no non-players at all. They begin at nine in the morning and play till nine or ten at night.

Tennis-elbow is worth almost as much to the doctors as influenza.

Golf!

Golf is another game that flourishes all the year round; but winter golf is a very different affair from summer golf. Winter golf is a stern business. It is played by men with lined, serious faces, who go out every day at the same hour, with the same partner, and the same caddies, and know to within a stroke or two what their score will be for the round. If they accomplish a stroke less than usual, they linger in the club-house

they take to go round. This is the sort of thing you hear in merry, ringing tones:

"What was your total score, old bean?"

"A hundred and sixty-two, old nut! What was yours?"

"I beat you by five! I was a hundred and sixty-seven!"

They generally have young women with them, in delightful garments. Suppose these pretty creatures *do* take eleven to get clear of the rough at the first hole, what does it matter? These are the days when the hard-faced members of the club play before breakfast or after supper.



THE ENGAGEMENT OF LADY JOAN CAPELL TO MR. OSBERT PEAKE: A PORTRAIT OF THE BRIDE-TO-BE.

The announcement of the engagement of Lady Joan Capell, second daughter of Adèle Countess of Essex, and of the late Earl of Essex, to Mr. Osbert Peake, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Peake, of Bawtry Hall, Yorkshire, was made last week. Lady Joan, who is a clever amateur actress both on the stage and the film, was at one time a student at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. She is twenty-three years of age—two years younger than her fiancé. Her mother, who was the late Earl's second wife, is an American by birth. Mr. Peake was formerly in the Coldstream Guards.—[Photograph by Alfieri.]

Bathing! Ah! Now we come to the greatest delight of the summer for ninety-nine people out of a hundred who visit the seaside. The real bather does not bathe before breakfast. You can have the ocean almost to yourself up to about ten o'clock. Then the joyous bathers arrive. They come in hundreds, and thousands, and tens of thousands. They have deck chairs, and novels, and bags of fruit, and biscuits, and chocolates, and cameras, and thermos flasks, and writing-cases. It is impossible to bathe properly if you have forgotten any part of your outfit.

The first thing is to undress. Any person with ordinary clothes on is hopelessly out of place on the beach during bathing hours. A fully dressed person, in fact, is regarded with suspicion. What is he there for? Obviously, not to bathe. Some sinister motive! If he wants to be accepted as a decent person he should take off all his clothes and put on a skin-tight bathing-suit! Thus clad he can be admitted to the company of the similarly clad!

Lunch is taken on the beach; also tea. The photographer is very busy. So are the amateur snapshotters. The numerous novels are never read. One is far too busy criticising the people from the boarding-house next door. "Would you ever have believed that any girl had such thin legs?"

Boating!

I have left myself but little space to discourse on the delights of "boating." The odd thing about "boating," as popularly understood, is that the less exercise you get the more correctly you boat. There are three forms of holiday boating:

- (1) You loll among cushions and dabble your fair hand in the water.
- (2) A longshoreman pulls you from pier to pier until you are just not sick.
- (3) You board a steamboat, hurry down to the saloon, and busy yourself with cold beef and bottled beer until the trip is over.

for tea. They want to talk about it. If a stroke more, they go straight home, brood all the evening, and wonder what is the ultimate meaning of creation.

Summer golf is nothing at all like that. In summer the links are monopolised by visitors. Very gay are these visitors. The perils of the links are unknown to them. They don't care a rap how many strokes

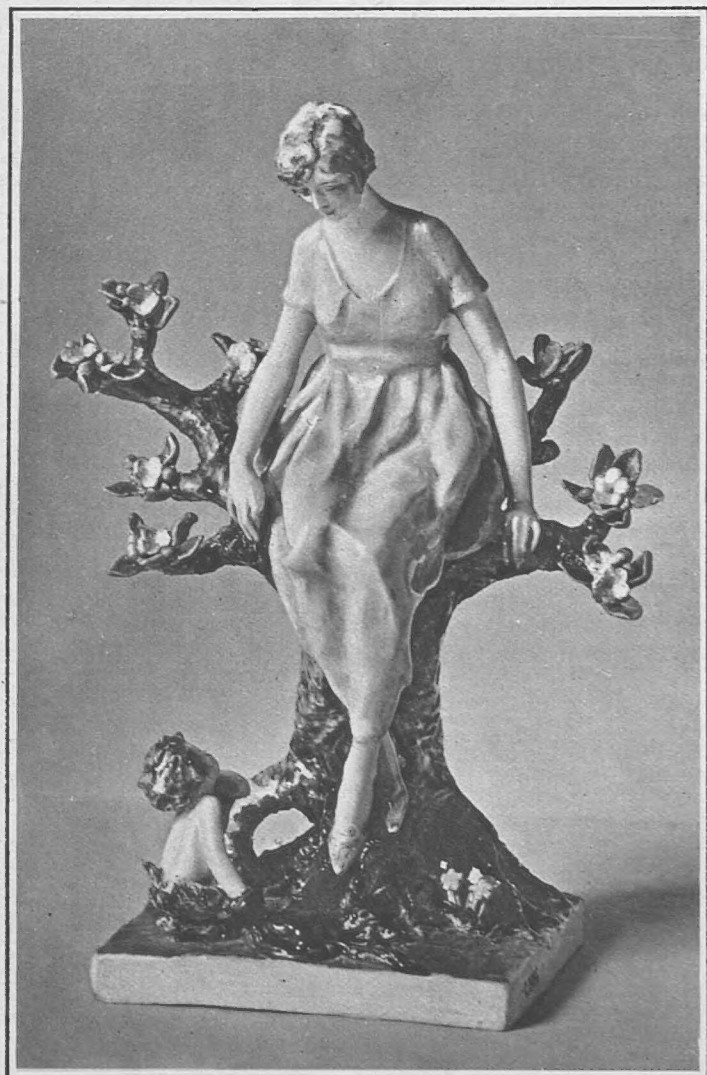
Porcelain Portraits: Chelsea Figures of Stage and Society.



"BEGGAR'S OPERA" CHARACTERS: LUCY (VIOLET MARQUESITA), MACHEATH (FREDERICK RANALOW), POLLY (SYLVIA NELIS), PEACHUM (ARTHUR WYNN), AND MRS. PEACHUM (ELSIE FRENCH)



A SOCIETY PORTRAIT: LADY SWAYTHLING.



THE DAUGHTER OF SIR PHILIP DAWSON: MISS MARJORIE DAWSON.

The art of porcelain portraiture as practised by Miss Gwendolen Parnell is most fascinating, and the exhibition of her set of the Russian Ballet, new portraits, and novel moulded "Battersea figures," which opens on Friday, April 28, and lasts for three days, at the Chelsea Pottery, Paradise Walk, will be of great interest. Miss Parnell's set of thirteen pieces representing characters in the Hammersmith production of "The Beggar's Opera" is now in the London Museum at Lancaster House,

St. James's, together with the two Society portraits which we reproduce on this page. The figures in "The Beggar's Opera" group show the members of the original cast of the production. Mr. Frederick Ranalow, Miss Elsie French, and Miss Violet Marquesita are still appearing; but Miss Sylvia Nelis's part of Polly is now sung by Miss Kathryn Hilliard. We reproduce these figures by courtesy of Mr. F. A. Harman Oates, F.S.A., Keeper and Secretary of the London Museum.

The Jottings of Jane; Being "Sunbeams out of Cucumbers."



London Alive Again.

London is alive again. Such a number of taxis at all the great termini, such busy shops and bustling dressmakers; and as for the hairdressers, you might as well realise at once the necessity of booking appointments days ahead.

The Spanish Ambassador and Mme. Merry del Val are back at their Embassy after spending Easter in Yorkshire. And Princess Reginald de Croy has returned to Eaton Place, and will receive as usual on Friday afternoons.

In Piccadilly Jane saw Sir Philip Chetwode, just back from a jolly visit, with Lady Chetwode, at The Priory (Lord and Lady Beatty's Reigate house). The Chetwode children were there, too, and Sir Ian and Lady Malcolm and their children (at The Priory, not in Piccadilly!).

Sir Ian Malcolm (who is a K.C.M.G.) has had a versatile and brilliant life attached to our Embassies at Berlin, Petrograd, Paris; while between standing for Parliament and accompanying Earl Balfour on the War Commission to the United States, he has managed to write interesting books and contribute amusing articles to magazines. Most people have read his "Stuff and Nonsense," though Jane probably remembers it more than most, as she happened to have chosen the same title for some essays of her own (of course, he did not guess this), and perforce had to change it. Lady Malcolm gave a little dance on Saturday (22nd), a particularly jolly one, and the first she has given in her new house in Onslow Square. Mrs. Gerard Tharpe was also the guest of Lord and Lady Beatty at The Priory last week.

Lord and Lady Newborough.

In Piccadilly, just back from the Riviera, Jane also saw Lord Woolavington. And on their way to Festiniog, their place in North Wales, Lord and Lady Newborough were leaving their house in Conduit Street for a while, and their little daughter was with them.

Lady Newborough is a daughter of the late Captain Montagu, and before she married Lord Newborough (who was then the Hon. Thomas Wynn) she was the widow of the late Mr. Henry Winch. Lord Newborough succeeded his brother in 1916, and is a lieutenant in the Royal Naval Reserve.

Jane also met Lady Walpole one day, and heard about the afternoon party she is giving on May 17 at Claridge's, where Cernikoff will play, and several other musical celebrities.

The Hon. Diamond Hardinge.

Much sympathy has been expressed on all sides for Miss Diamond Hardinge, who underwent a very grave operation last week at the British Embassy in Paris. But at the time of writing, the report is much brighter, and her condition gives much more hope of recovery.

Lord Hardinge of Penshurst (our Ambassador at Paris) has made a constant companion of his only daughter since the sad death of Lady Hardinge in 1914, and his friends all over the Empire share his deep anxiety. His only son (who is about twenty-eight) is in the Grenadier Guards, and began his military career in the Indian Army while his distinguished father was Viceroy. His uncle, the third Viscount Hardinge, is, of course, a distinguished soldier, and during the war commanded a battalion of the Rifle Brigade, and before that was an A.D.C. to Lord Roberts, and is still, I think, an A.D.C. to the King.

Both Viscount Hardinge and his brother, Lord Hardinge of Penshurst, are

Harrovians, though their cousin, Sir Arthur Hardinge, our late Ambassador to Spain, is an ardent Etonian, as are also his two sons.

It is interesting to note how Diplomacy or the Army invariably claims the members of this family from generation to generation. And they marry daughters of distinguished men. The present Viscountess Hardinge is a daughter of Mr. Ralph Nevill (Lord Abergavenny's brother). The late wife of Lord Hardinge of Penshurst was a Sturt (the first Lord Alington's daughter), and Sir Arthur Hardinge's wife is a daughter of Major-General Sir Arthur Ellis.

Our Social "Licentiousness"!

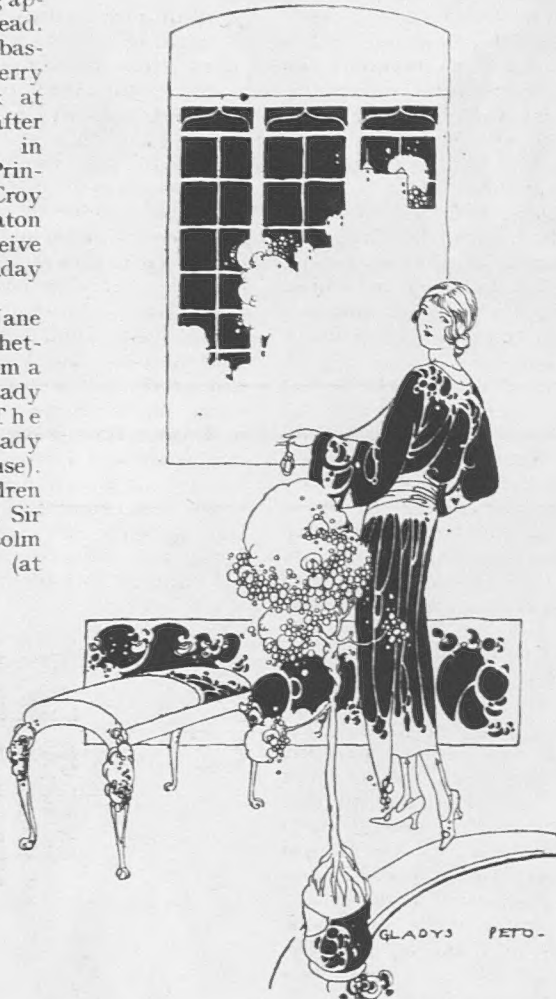
Although Dean Inge has likened our times unto the times of Charles the Second in "licentiousness," and "perile superstition," a glance at the daily pictorial papers last week after the Easter holidays would convince a chance visitor from Mars that we are still an open-air race—a race of athletes and riders to the sea, a race who fear

not the perils of the air, nor the unpitied winds of the land from shore to shore of this little island whose moral tone was so alarmingly disturbed by the war.

Dean Inge has two interesting lines between his eyes, caused by deep thinking. If I could have persuaded him to spend one week with some inconspicuous people I know, he might have lost those two lines.

If you are busy doing things all day long there is no time to think. Just for one short week it is jolly to laugh and live in the open air, and ride a horse, or sail a boat, or pilot an aeroplane, or play lawn-tennis, or dig in the garden, or beat bogey on the golf links, or master the mystery of mankind by the light of the few living specimens close at hand rather than from the selected satellites of Society who happen to be conspicuous for the moment in the Divorce Court or the criminal dock. And Dean Inge must remember that for every matrimonial misadventure recorded with minute detail in the newspapers, there are millions of happy couples—yes, even in the most exalted circles.

The very monotony of their numbers precludes the distinction of such publicity as is given so flamboyantly to those others. There is something dramatic about unhappy marriages. And there is a scarcity of



1. Justice McCordie has decided that a husband must provide his wife with an adequate dress allowance according to his social status. This is not of particular assistance to Angela and Algy, as they have never determined their social status themselves. Algy decides he will not give Angela an allowance at all, but buy her clothes himself.



2. The shop young woman, having perceived Algy in the distance, produces a hat that was apparently designed by Mrs. Noah to celebrate her emergence from the Ark. Algy thinks it a darling hat—and also buys several frocks left over from the sale before last.

material for journalists. And when a member of the Peerage or landed gentry *does* happen to take a false step, it is so easy to turn a paragraph into a whole page. You only have to look up the details of his birth and attainments. I do not blame my brother journalists for making the most of their opportunities. But I wish people would realise that the sins

Lloyd is in the Coldstream Guards. He is a son of Mr. Edward Lloyd, the High Sheriff of Hertfordshire, and of the Hon. Clementina Brownlow, a daughter of the second Lord Lurgan. His elder brother married Lord Brabourne's daughter just before the war. His parents live mostly at Langleybury, King's Langley, and also have a charming house in Lowndes Square.

Major Lloyd was one of the lucky ones who came through the war, and was rewarded by the D.S.O. and the Military Cross. His fiancée is the youngest daughter of Lord Middleton and his first wife, Lady Hilda Charteris. Lady Moyra Brodrick is a very popular girl, and, like all her sisters, takes a deep interest in politics, as becomes the daughter of a quondam Secretary of State. At Peper Harow, near Godalming, and at The Grange (Middleton) she has revelled in an open-air life, and, like her brother, Lord Dunsford, dances beautifully.

Another interesting marriage was that of Lord and Lady Inverforth's daughter, Miss Andriana Weir, to Mr. Godfrey Holdsworth, arranged for April 25, at Christ Church, Southgate. The bridegroom is a New Zealander, and another young officer who did very well in the war.

Lord Inverforth will certainly be looked back on by history as one of the greatest Englishmen of his day—or I should say Scotsmen. As Minister of Munitions I believe he proved himself invaluable, and before that as Surveyor-General of Supply at the War Office, and Member of the Army Council, during those critical two last years of the war, when his business training was probably the greatest asset we had in all that maze of official red tape and tautology. He has five daughters and one son, the Hon. Andrew Morton Weir, who is about twenty-five.

Other Weddings.

And yet another wedding of this week will be that of Mrs. Dunville to Mr. Francis Curzon, a brother of Lord Curzon of Kedleston, fixed for April 27. The Chapel Royal (Savoy) is likely to be packed, and the bride and bridegroom will make a distinguished couple as they come down the aisle together. He is tall, like all the sons of the late Lord Scarsdale, and resembles his clergyman father more than any of the others in appearance. His bride is also tall and dark, like her beautiful mother, Lady Jane Combe, who, after the wedding service, will give a reception at 46, Belgrave Square, where the numerous wedding presents will be on view. All England seems to be back in London. And all the Riviera—and I expect many of Mr. Curzon's old St. Moritz friends—will be at the wedding. He it was who first discovered the fascinating little place and made it popular—so popular that a railway was soon necessary to perform the journey, once made more delightfully all the way up by sleigh. I hear that he is taking his bride straight to his Newmarket house for the honeymoon, and they are also going to have a London house, and give up his bachelor flat in Mount Street.

And talking of St. Moritz reminds me of Mrs. Dearbergh, who used to go there so often. She is now in Florence at her villa, Villa Lo Strozzi, Bellosguardo. Sir Robert Horne has lately been paying Mr. and Mrs. Dearbergh a visit, and another recent guest was Sir Philip Sassoon.

And still another wedding this week was that of Lord and Lady Penrhyn's only son, the Hon. Hugh Douglas-Pennant, to Lord and Lady Hardinge's younger daughter, the Hon. Sybil Hardinge, at Holy Trinity, Brompton.

On the same day (April 25) Lord Inverclyde's sister, the Hon. Emily Burns, married Lieutenant-Commander Gerald McKenna at St. Margaret's, Westminster. And to-day Mr. Richard Astell (Lady De L'Isle and Dudley's only son) marries Miss Joan Crichton-Stuart, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Crichton-Stuart, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square; and a pretty country wedding will be that of Lord and Lady Lamington's daughter, Miss Grisell Cochrane-Baillie, to Lieutenant-Commander Edward Hastings (Lord Huntingdon's cousin). It is fixed for to-day (April 26), in the chapel at Lamington, Lanarkshire.

All of which shows that Dean Inge is right as regards our being superstitious, for of course this rush of weddings must mean a desire to avoid being married in May. Although I always prefer to think it is that, May being the most gloriously beautiful month of all, the need to spend every precious moment of it honeymooning prompts romantic people to get the necessary preliminaries over in inclement April. Anyhow, it has been inclement this year. The very swallows hurrying back to their haunts are surprised. Cold sharp showers, followed by warm west winds, they understand. But last week we had hail and rain and wind—east winds and wet grass all day long; and even our new spring clothes were tucked well away till the earth grows more worthy; and purposely I write about it, for, to make me appear ridiculous, the sun is certain to have been shining for several days before this appears in print! (And who minds being ridiculous—in print—so long as you can appear personally resplendent in new



3. Angela doesn't seem to like the hat frightfully, and is most insulting about Algy's lack of taste.

of Society are being made the most of. And the greatest sinners, once brought into the limelight of the Divorce Court, seem to catch the eye of the journalist for ever after. As their photographs have been in every picture paper, they are too well known thenceforth to be forgotten. So after every race-meeting, every assembly of any sort, their names are usually the first to catch the eye. And to the uninitiated it makes England appear entirely peopled by a demoralised race!

And so Dean Inge scolds while the real England behaves as well as (if not better than) usual, and the ones who are past praying for merely choose their stockings thinner than ever; their evening gowns are described to the last wisp of tulle over an otherwise bare back, and their dogs, cats, and other less respectable companions are eulogised much as our ancestors eulogised the great men of their day (after death!).

Some day, when Irrepressible Jane dares, she would like to call a meeting of journalists in London and form a Union. They would agree to ignore the really horrid people in their papers as much as they are usually ignored already by the people who most "matter" in Society. It would be a first step on the road to a moral England. It would not make "licentiousness" less common, but the eulogy of the licentious would cease. And the working classes would respect the aristocracy once more; and the middle classes, who ever strive to copy them, would copy them still. But, alas! Jane, albeit irrepressible, is powerless. (Unless perchance the Dean should see this and himself call that meeting.)

Major Lloyd and Lady Moyra Brodrick.

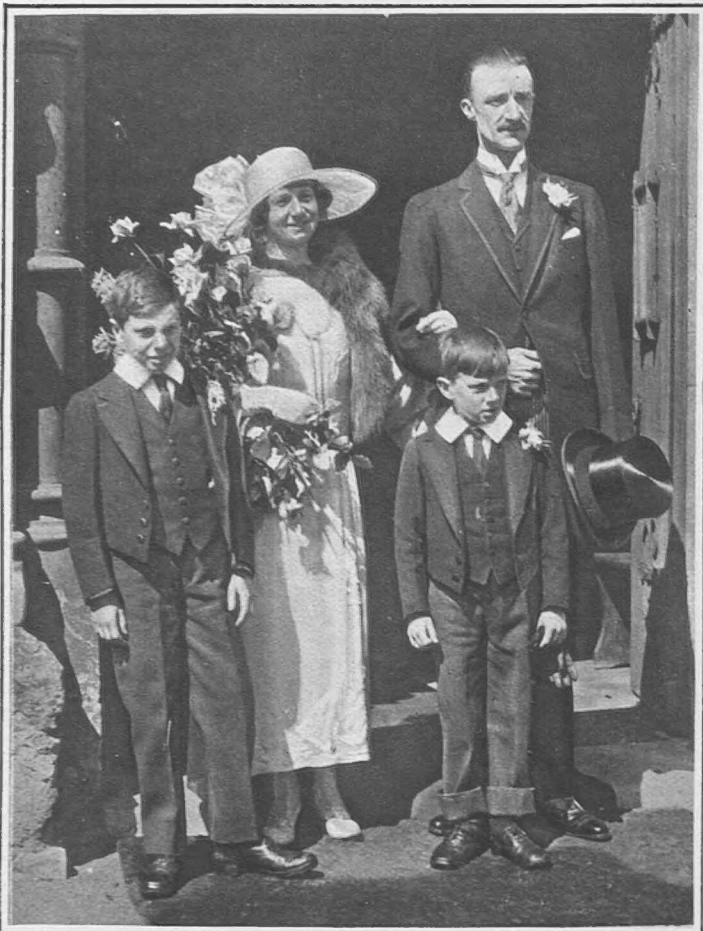
After which long outlet of pent-up thought, it is a relief to turn to the happiness of a young couple who have just become engaged. Major H. C.



4. So they sally forth together, and, to prove he really knows a lot about frocks, Algy buys all the garments that Angela particularly admires. At the moment Angela has fifteen new frocks, and adores him.

spring ribbons and laces?) That is the goal to which we all look forward in the spring of the year, for sunshine makes one long to be one's most decorative.—IRREPRESSIBLE JANE.

A MEDLEY — SPORTING, SOCIAL, AND



MARRIED AT CHRIST CHURCH, FOLKESTONE: MAJOR FRANK MARSHAM, D.S.O., M.C., AND MRS. CORDY-SIMPSON, WITH JOHN AND GEORGE CORDY-SIMPSON.



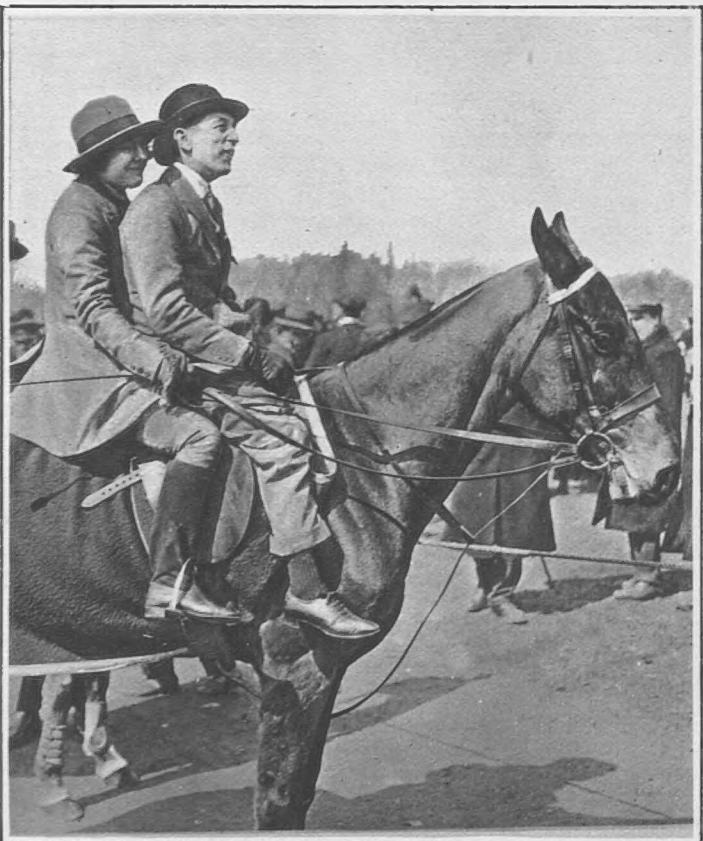
THE DAUGHTER OF MISS ADA REEVE (MRS. COTTON) MARRIED AT BROMPTON ORATORY: MISS BESSIE HAZLEWOOD AND MR. B. M. WAINWRIGHT.



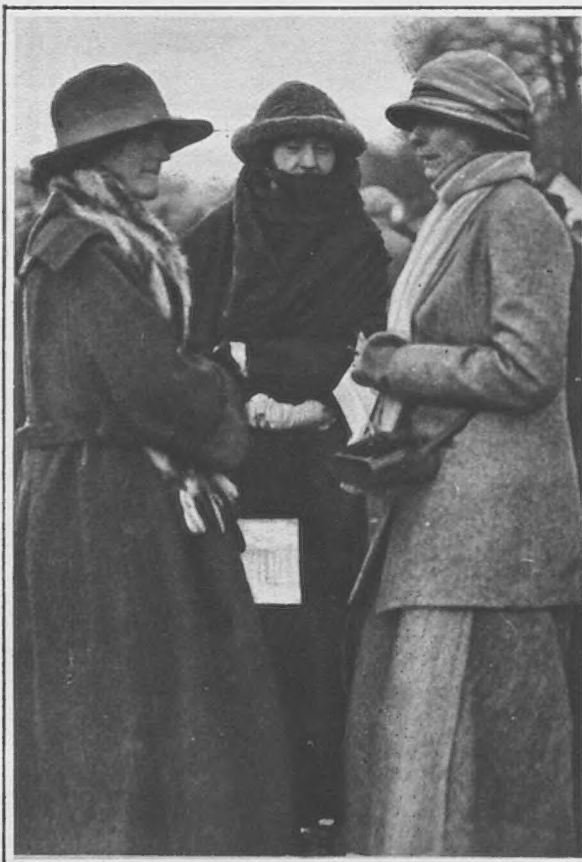
THE AUSTRALIAN BOXER AND HIS LAURA E. RIDES



NOVELIST, AND SISTER OF THE AUTHOR OF "IF WINTER COMES": MISS V. HUTCHINSON,



A STAND FOR TWO AT THE CITY AND SUBURBAN: R. STOKES, THE JOCKEY, AND MISS BARCLAY WATCH THE RACE.



AT THE GRAFTON HUNT STEEPLECHASES: VISCOUNTESS IPSWICH, THE HON. MRS. HANBURY TRACY, AND MRS. HUGH ORR-EWING.



AT THE WOODLAND PITCHLEY ING: LADY EXETER AND

Mrs. Cordy-Simpson, who married Major Frank Marsham, 3rd Dragoon Guards, the tallest officer in the British Army, is the daughter of Sir Fitzroy Maclean.—Miss Ada Reeve (Mrs. Cotton) could not be present at the marriage of her daughter, as she is in Australia. Mr. B. M. Wainwright, the bridegroom, is a stepson of the musical director at the Oratory.—George Cook, the famous boxer, is to marry Mrs. Laura E. Rides shortly.--- Lieutenant-Commander J. W. Rivett-Carnac, R.N., is the son of the Rev. C. G. Rivett-Carnac, who officiated at his wedding to Miss Nesta Blackwood, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Blackwood, of Belmaduthie, Ross-shire, and grand-daughter of Mr. W. D. Mackenzie, of Fawley Court, Bucks, and Farr, Inverness.—Master Alexander Ramsay, the infant son of Princess Pat (or, to use her correct title, Lady Patricia Ramsay) and Captain the

LITERARY: DOINGS OF TO-DAY.



FIANCEE: GEORGE COOK AND MRS. IN THE PARK.



AFTER THE CEREMONY AT ST. MARK'S, NORTH AUDLEY STREET: LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER J. W. RIVETT-CARNAC, R.N., AND HIS BRIDE, MISS NESTA BLACKWOOD.



MASTER ALEXANDER RAMSAY GIVES A FINE SALUTE: PRINCESS PAT'S SMALL SON AT WINDSOR.



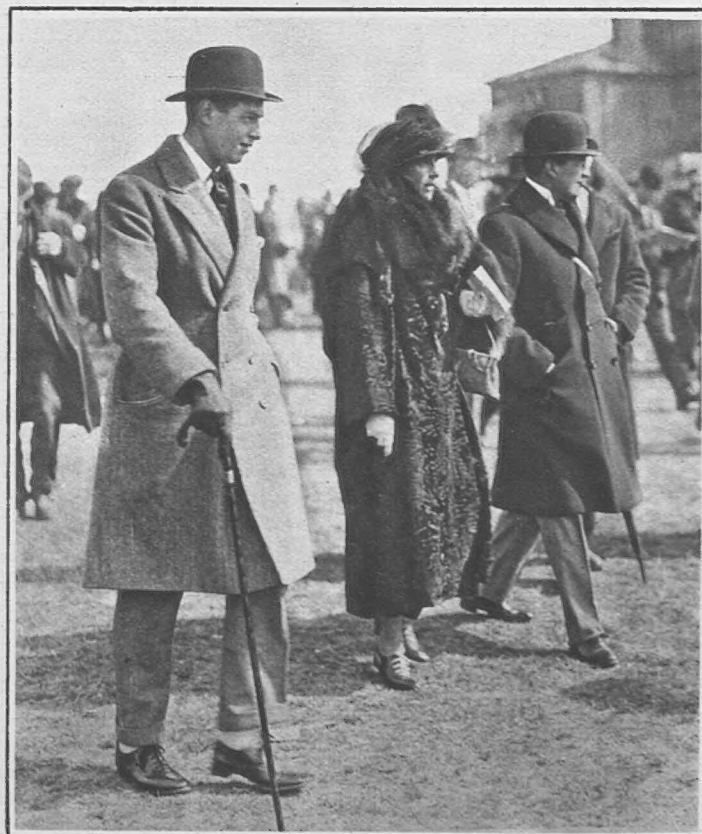
TO MARRY THE HON. H. E. FITZALAN HOWARD: MISS JOYCE LANGDALE.



AND FITZWILLIAM HUNT MEET- LADY MARJORIE ROWLEY.



AT THE WOODLAND PYTCHLEY AND FITZWILLIAM HUNT MEETING: LORD AND LADY CHESHAM.



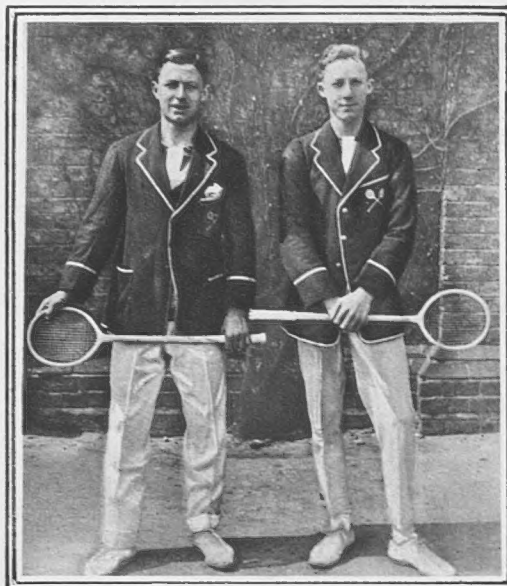
AT THE CITY AND SUBURBAN: PRINCE GEORGE WITH LORD AND LADY BEATTY.

Hon. Alexander Robert Maule Ramsay, D.S.O., R.N., has been staying at Windsor Castle with the King and Queen. He is already a military young man, and can give a fine salute as he watches the changing of the guard.—Miss Vere Hutchinson has written a first novel, "Sea Wrack."—The marriage of Miss Joyce Langdale to the Hon. H. E. FitzAlan Howard, only son of Viscount FitzAlan of Derwent, is fixed for May 9.—The City and Suburban was attended by Royalty, the King and Queen being present, accompanied by Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles, Viscount Lascelles, the Duke of York, and Prince George, who is shown in our photograph with the famous Admiral of the Fleet, Lord Beatty and Lady Beatty.—Lady Marjorie Rowley is the youngest daughter of the Earl of Dundonald, and the wife of Mr. O. V. F. Rowley.

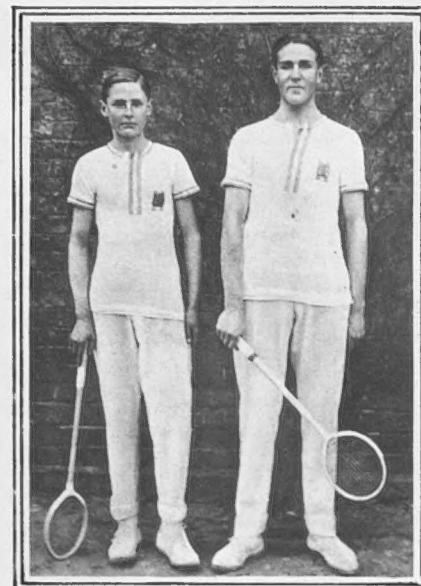
"Decameron Nights" and Sporting Days.



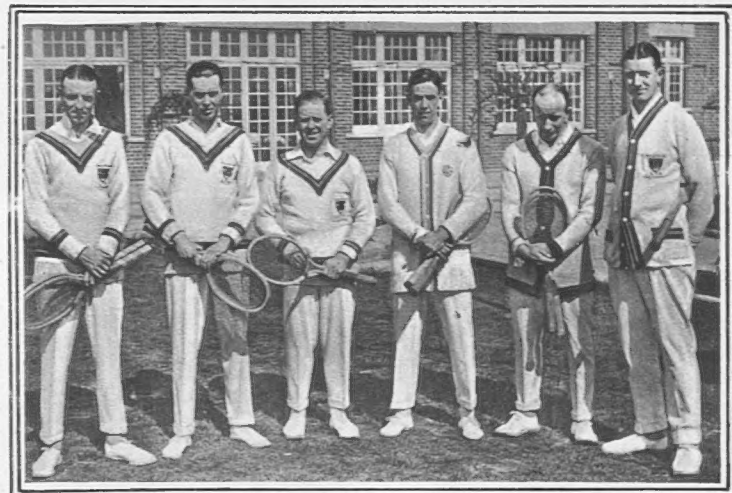
PUBLIC SCHOOL RACKETS AT QUEEN'S CLUB: A. E. BLAIR AND F. C. DAWNAY (R.), THE RADLEY PAIR.



THE WINCHESTER COUPLE WHO BEAT MALVERN: A. R. V. BARKER AND C. H. HOWARD (R.).



WINNERS OF THE MARLBOROUGH—RUGBY MATCH: A. S. HOWARD AND E. A. DEARMAN.



WINNERS OF THE INTER-COUNTY HARD-COURTS LAWN-TENNIS FINALS AT THE LONDON COUNTRY CLUB: THE SURREY TEAM.



WINNERS OF THE LADIES' INTER-COUNTY LAWN-TENNIS FINALS AT THE LONDON COUNTRY CLUB: THE MIDDLESEX TEAM.



AT THE DRURY LANE FIRST NIGHT: PRINCESS MARY, VISCOUNT LASCELLES, SIR VICTOR MACKENZIE, VISCOUNT ALTHORP, AND PRINCE GEORGE.

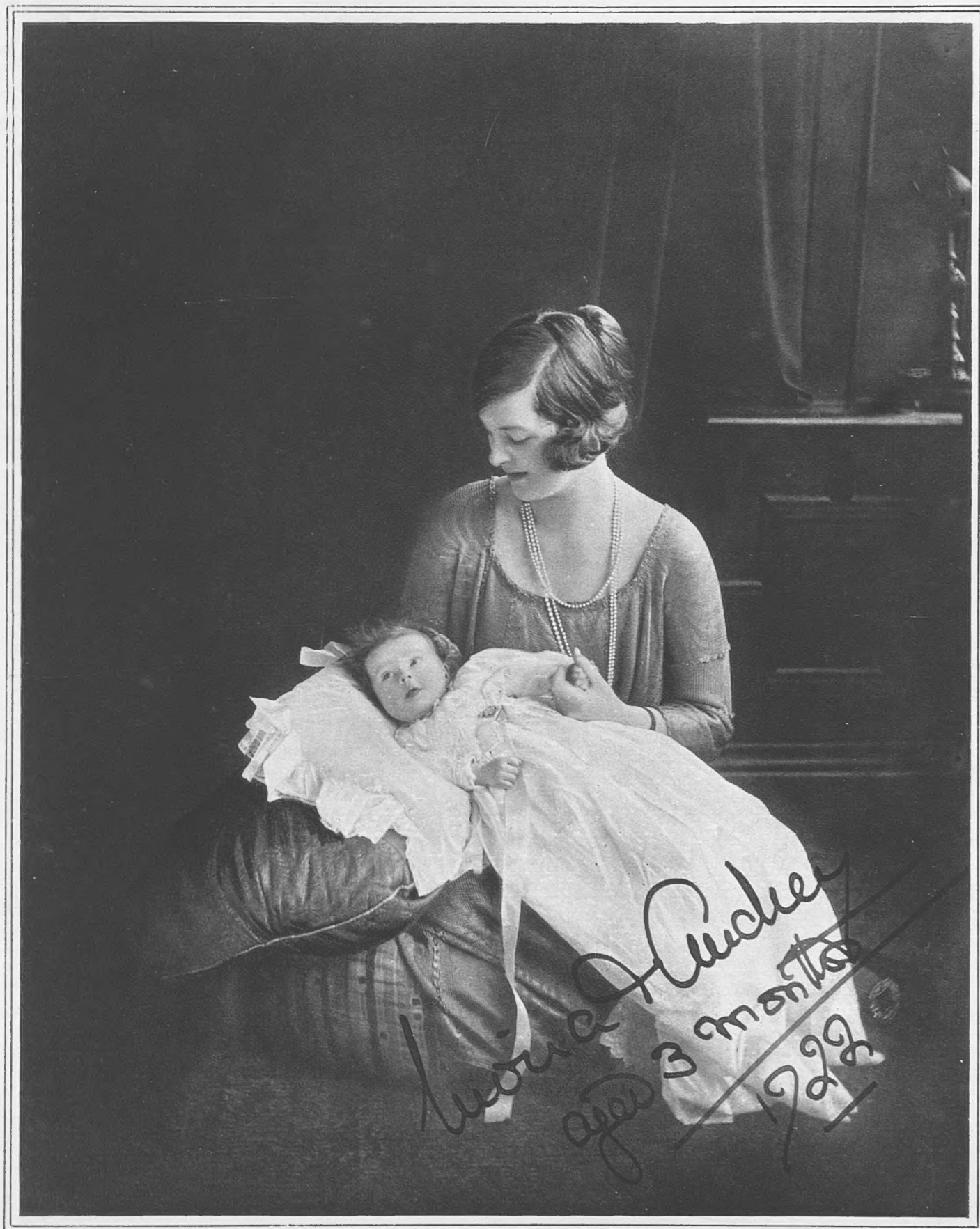
Winchester beat Malvern by four games to two in the second round; Radley beat Cheltenham in the first round, and Clifton in the second; Marlborough beat Rugby in the first round, and were defeated by Eton in the second.—The Surrey Gentlemen's team consisted of Mr. J. B. Gilbert, Mr. A. Stephens, Mr. C. A. Sedgwick, Mr. P. J. Oakley, Mr. C. G. Eames, and Mr. G. T. C. Watt; and the Middlesex Ladies were Mrs. Clayton, Miss K. McKane, Miss E. M. Head, Miss P. Ingram,



THE QUEUE (OF MANY HOURS) FOR THE FIRST NIGHT OF "DECAMERON NIGHTS": KNITTING THE TIME AWAY OUTSIDE DRURY LANE.

Miss E. D. Holman, and Mrs. Stocks.—The première of "Decameron Nights" was attended by Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles and her husband. They were accompanied by Viscount and Viscountess Althorp, the son and daughter-in-law of Earl Spencer, Sir Victor Mackenzie (who was Viscount Lascelles' best man), and Prince George. The queue for the pit seats was one of the features of the opening of the newly decorated Drury Lane.—[Photographs by I.B. and S. and G.]

A Family Study.



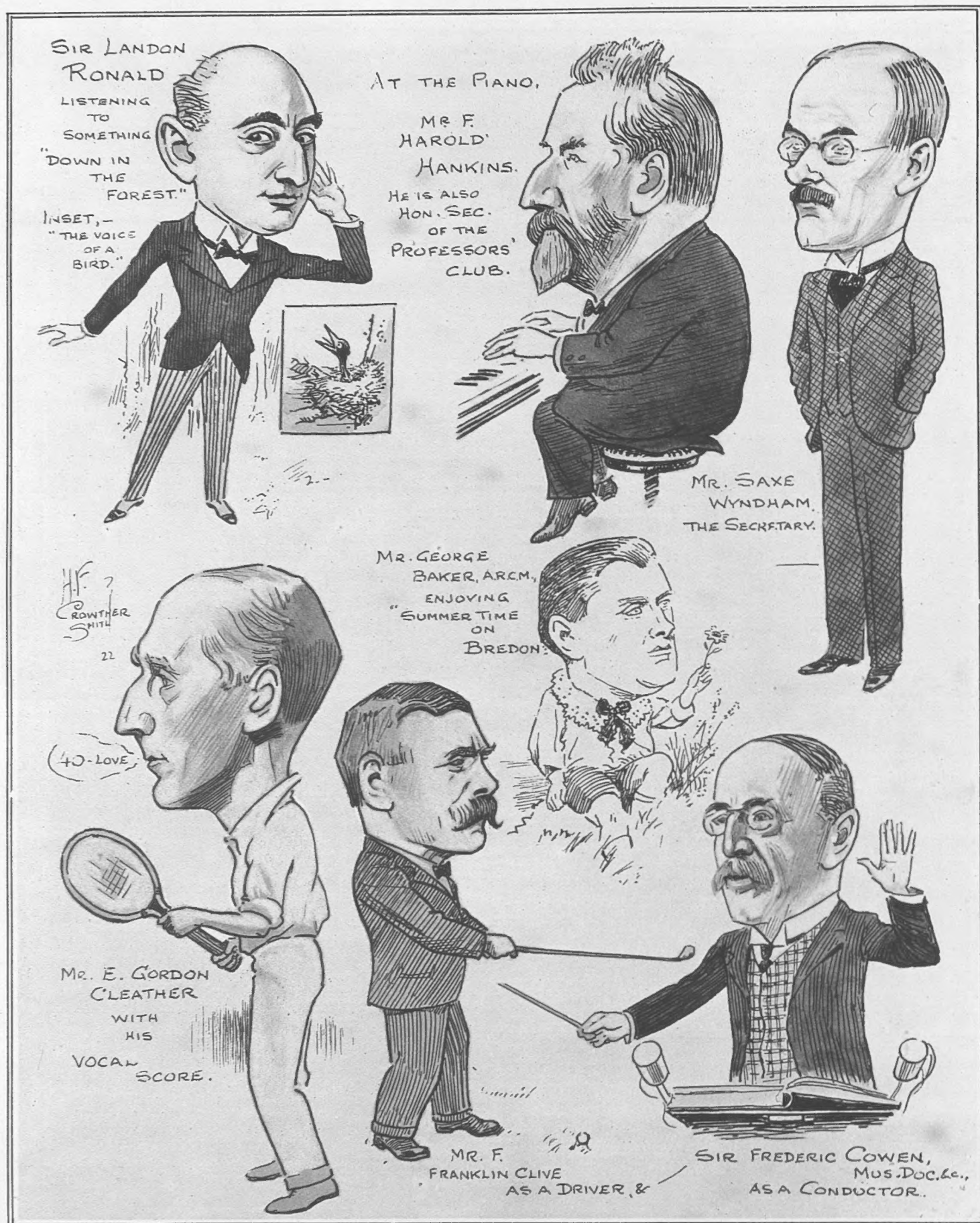
WITH AUDREY: LADY MOIRA COMBE—HER FAVOURITE PHOTOGRAPH.

Lady Moira Combe is the wife of Major Henry Christian Seymour Combe, son of Captain and Lady Jane Combe, and the elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Clonmell. She was married in 1920, at the age of eighteen, and has a baby girl, Audrey. This beautiful

portrait-study is Lady Moira's favourite photograph of her little daughter, as it shows what a remarkably pretty baby she is. Needless to say, the signature is not Audrey's own! At present her only accomplishment is to look beautiful!

Photograph by Miss Compton Collier.

Makers of Musicians: At the Guildhall School of Music.



UNDER THE ÆGIS OF THE CITY FATHERS: SOME OF THE PERSONNEL OF A GREAT SCHOOL.

Since its foundation some forty years ago, the Guildhall School of Music has grown to be one of the most important institutions of its kind. The professors, who have a little club of their own on the premises, are all famous in the world of music, and a number of them have fallen "victims" to the pencil of our caricaturist. Sir Landon Ronald, the present Principal, is famous as a conductor and composer. He has conducted the Royal Albert Hall Orchestra since 1908, and is

Chairman of the Musical Conductors' Association. Sir Frederick Cowen, the veteran conductor, was born in Jamaica, and is one of the most distinguished musicians of the day. Our page shows other well-known members of the personnel. Mr. George Baker, by the way, is on leave, just going on tour in Australia. Mr. E. Gordon Cleather is very well known as a lawn-tennis player as well as a vocalist, and is a member of the All England Lawn-Tennis Club.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY H. F. CROWTHER SMITH.

Does It Harm Them? Strenuous Athletics for Women.



Miss Wright taking a hurdle.



Taking the hurdles: Miss Wright Miss Loman & Miss Hatt.



Miss Hatt in action.



Miss Hatt throwing the weight.



Miss Vandyk, a Belgian competitor, throwing the weight.



Miss Hatt winning a heat of the 75-metres race.



The team of Belgian competitors at exercise.



Czecho-Slovakian girl competitors.



Miss Emily Masina (Monaco) doing a high jump.

SUBJECTS OF A "QUESTIONNAIRE"—AT THE WOMEN'S OLYMPIAD.

These photographs of active feminine athletes at the Women's Olympiad, at Monte Carlo, are specially interesting in view of the announcement that the Joint Committee on the Physical Education of Girls has addressed an important "questionnaire" to members of the medical profession. The doctors are invited to state, under seal of secrecy, what effects, if

any, they have observed from physical education, including games and sports, on (a) unmarried girls over twelve years of age, and (b) married women. They are asked to state whether there are any individual sports which should be modified or avoided altogether by girls in their teens.—[Photographs Nos. 2 and 8, by S. and G.; others by C.N.]



The Clubman. By Beveren.

"The Darling of the Halls." Lord Lambourne, whom we knew for so many years as Colonel Mark Lockwood, is telling this story; but I have not come across anyone who actually heard the dialogue in the Law Courts.

In a case before Mr. Justice Darling, Mr. Pat Hastings, K.C., mentioned the name of Mr. George Robey.

And who is Mr. George Robey?" asked the Judge.

He is "The Darling of the Halls," m' lud," replied Mr. Hastings.

A Much-Loved M.P. Mr. Birrell used to say that Mr. Thomas Burt, the octogenarian Labour M.P. who died the other day, was the best man he ever knew. Certainly Mr. Burt earned a respect and a love accorded to few. There was a gentle simplicity about him that fitted with the dignity of his character. More than one wealthy Member of Parliament has told me that he felt ashamed of being well off when Thomas Burt, in that homely Northumbrian burr of his, told of the poverty of his class.

Box Like a Club. Every Thursday evening an elderly man and his wife go to the Prince of Wales's Theatre and ask if the top (upper circle) box is vacant. They buy 5s. 9d. seats in that box, and watch "A to Z" from this comparatively private point of vantage, the old gentleman smoking the while an enormous calabash pipe.

Mr. Paul Murray, Mr. Charlott's partner, says that one Thursday evening the box-office manager introduced him to the couple.

"Why do you like to sit so high up, and always in that particular box?" he asked.

"Habit," responded the old gentleman. "My wife and I regard that part of the theatre as our club. More than that, we see and hear and enjoy more life both sides of the footlights than we could from any other part of the theatre."

Small Yachts Popular. In seamen's weather, the yachting people had an excellent cast-off over the Easter holidays and, with lots of the big fellows giving up owing to the inordinate cost of the "Cowes standard" (by the way, those rumours that Lord Lascelles is to take on the *Britannia* are discounted in knowledgeable circles), the little craft are coming into their own.

Your keen man these days joins a club at Burnham or on the Thames Estuary, racing with one of the East Coast or Thames One Design classes, and excellent sport and seamanship you will find there.

At Burnham the Royal Corinthian Club opened their season through all that boisterous gale. Two craft were sadly treated by the weather; but the Courtaulds—"leaders"

in the Arnold Bennett—H. G. Wells country, and not unknown in the textile industry—struggled home, skipping their two boats.

It is symptomatic of the popularity of small racing that Lord Beatty, who has joined the up-river Minina Club, should have purchased a 72-foot racing dinghy, in which he anticipates getting a lot of sport this summer.

Gerald Biss. It must have come with a great shock to his many friends to read that "Gerry" Biss had died with tragic suddenness on the Saturday before Easter. The Thursday evening before

what excuse he would make for getting home as late as six a.m. He decided that a good move would be to buy a lot of flowers in Covent Garden Market, and present them to his mother. So he filled a hansom cab with blooms, and told the maid who opened the door for him to take the flowers to his mother when she went into breakfast.

But the hour was later than he thought. His mother was already up, and she came to "Gerry's" room to thank him, and found him preparing to go to bed.

I once heard Biss returning thanks to a famous Brighton host for a luncheon so rich and generous that it encroached upon tea-time. "We don't thank our host for a lunch," he began severely, and the other guests looked up rather startled. "It hasn't been a lunch," he went on, and people began seriously to wonder what he was going to say. "It's been a dinner," he added beamingly; "or rather, it looks as if it will be by the time we finish." A delightful companion, Gerald Biss, and a true friend. He will be greatly mourned in more than the motoring circles which knew him so well.

A Club Cake. The Beefsteak Club remains one of the pleasantest clubs in London, perhaps because its membership is not too large, and every member is supposed to know every other member. Pretty frequently a member who has been fishing and had a good catch or has done well with his gun sends along the results to the club kitchen, with his compliments to the members.

Recently a newly elected member broke fresh ground. He sent along a currant-cake, a vast cake, as big as London—or, at any rate, as large in circumference as an average table. It was a noble culinary effort, although some of the members voted it too rich and puddingy. But mostly they were men whose digestions had given out.

Lady Lavery, 1922. Mr. Alfred Praga, the portrait-painter,

has been turning his attention lately to miniatures. A coloured reproduction of a miniature portrait for which Lady Lavery sat to him appeared recently in *The Sketch*; and about this portrait there is the following story to tell.

The painting is treated somewhat in a Holbeinesque manner, and, as was the custom of sixteenth-century miniaturists, Mr. Praga has painted Lady Lavery's name in the background, together with the date of the painting. The inscription reads—

"HAZEL LAVERY A.D. MDCCCXXII."

A few days ago some lady visitors to Mr. Praga's studio were inspecting the portrait, and one dear old soul exclaimed—

"Very nice, charming; and what a good idea to put her name there—and her age as well."

I don't know that Mr. Praga has yet told Lady Lavery.



FORTY-FOUR QUEENS: A KEY TO OUR DOUBLE-PAGE IN COLOUR. (SEE PAGES 140-141.)

(1) Dorothy Gish; (2) Gladys George; (3) Marie Prevost; (4) Mary Miles Minter; (5) Ethel Clayton; (6) Mary Glynn; (7) Pauline Frederick; (8) Alma Rubens; (9) Madge Kennedy; (10) Shirley Mason; (11) Carmel Myers; (12) Margaret Loomis; (13) Katherine MacDonald; (14) Violet Hopson; (15) Anna Q. Nilsson; (16) Lillian Gish; (17) Eileen Percy; (18) Malvina Longfellow; (19) Betty Compson; (20) Corinne Griffith; (21) Tsuru Aoki (Mrs. Sessue Hayakawa); (22) Mary Pickford; (23) Alice Joyce; (24) Gloria Swanson; (25) Jean Paige; (26) Alla Nazimova; (27) Doris May; (28) Marguerite Clark; (29) Lila Lee; (30) Elsie Ferguson; (31) Agnes Ayres; (32) Beatrice Joy; (33) Constance Talmadge; (34) Dorothy Dalton; (35) Mlle. Valia; (36) Mae Murray; (37) Ann Forrest; (38) Wanda Hawley; (39) Catherine Calvert; (40) Alice Calhoun; (41) Pearl White; (42) Betty Blythe; (43) Elsie Ferguson; (44) Norma Talmadge; (45) Jane Novak.

he was sitting in a St. James's Street club talking with any amount of animation to Mr. George R. Sims and "Quex."

"Gerry," a man of great bulk, had been telling how hard he tried to make the recruiting people do something with him in the early days of the war. One of his arguments was that he could fill two places in a trench at once. He was a real patriot, "Gerry."

He also told how, as a youngster, he stole off to a Covent Garden Ball, and wondered

The Cruise of the "Mairi": Lord Birkenhead at Genoa.



LEAVING THE HARBOUR AT GENOA: LORD BIRKENHEAD'S YACHT, THE "MAIRI."



SIR ROBERT HORNE, MRS. LLOYD GEORGE, LORD BIRKENHEAD AND LADY BIRKENHEAD (L. TO R., SEATED) AND (IN FRONT) THE HON. F. AND THE HON. ELEANOR SMITH, WITH SIR L. WORTHINGTON EVANS BEHIND MRS. LLOYD GEORGE.

The arrival of Lord Birkenhead's yacht, the "Mairi," provided a pleasant interlude to the strenuous and delicate business activities which occupied the delegates at the Genoa Conference. Our lower photograph shows an interesting group on board the yacht. Lady Birkenhead and her two elder children, the Hon. Frederick and the Hon. Eleanor Smith, accompanied the Lord Chancellor. It will be

remembered that Lord Birkenhead left England for a cruise in the Mediterranean, owing to the necessity for a rest on account of eye-strain, and arrived at Genoa as a reserve delegate. After having taken Sir Laming Worthington Evans for a short cruise during the Easter holidays, the Lord Chancellor's party went to the Rapallo Casino, where excellent luck attended them.—[Photographs by I.B.]

THE STAGE GOLFING SOCIETY



Miss Phyllis Monkman boards the train-tram for Paris Plage.



Miss Heather Thatcher & monocle at the net.



Mr. Davy Burnaby stymied by Mr. Melville Gideon.



Mr. Laddie Cliff; Miss Phyllis Monkman (centre) & her sister Beryl.



Mlle. de Bayser driving off.



Miss Heather Thatcher in spectacles - driving.



Miss J. Kemp & Miss Edith Leitch (r.)

CELEBRITIES AT GOLF AND LAWN-TENNIS

Le Touquet is always a favourite Easter resort, and this year there were celebrities in plenty on its courts and links, for the Stage Golfing Society held an assembly there, and its members added considerably to the number of well-known folk present. The weather was not always kind, as our photograph of Mlle. de Bayser golfing in a white fur coat goes to prove; but the lawn-tennis season opened, for the courts are very sheltered, and Miss Heather Thatcher could volley at the net without losing her famous monocle, though she had to wear "spec"

SPENDS EASTER AT LE TOUQUET.



Mr. Evan Thomas
& Mrs. Rowden.



Miss Graham having a lesson.



Miss Heather Thatcher; Mrs. Ian Hay Beith; &
Miss Molly Ramsden (Jr.)



Mrs. Archie Wilson and Miss Valerie Wilson.



Mlle. Zigmalas & Miss Mollie Ramsden. (r)



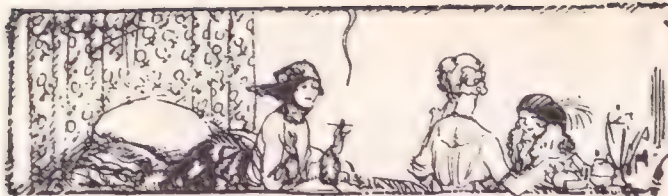
Miss Gladys Ross watches the play from her scooter.



Major Burn giving first aid to Mr. Dick Cruise.

OUTDOOR SNAPSHOTS OF ATHLETIC ENTHUSIASTS.

for golf! Miss Edith Leitch is a member of the Ladies' Stage Golfing Society, and Miss Molly Ramsden is a fine actress golfer, and hits a very long ball. Mrs. Ian Hay Beith is the wife of the well-known playwright and author of "The First Hundred Thousand," and other popular books. She was formerly Miss "Mouse" Speirs. The Co-Optimists were well represented, for Mr. Davy Burnaby, Mr. Melville Gideon, Mr. Laddie Cliff, and Miss Phyllis Monkman were all there.—[Photographs by Topical and S. and G.]



Tales with a sting.

A PERSONAL REPORT.

By GRIFFYTH FAIRFAX.

IT was a charming house, but there was something wrong with the drains. At least, Mr. Sigismund Colquhoun, of Cork Street, architect and decorator, was emphatic on the point. There was no sense in contradicting him, Quentin Cort felt, for although he had delicate perceptions himself, nature had not endowed him so liberally in one respect as she had the architect.

For "Colquhoun" a genealogist would have preferred to read "Cohen"; and the genealogist would have been right. Certainly Sigismund had a *flair*, and that of unusual range and penetration, since it enabled him to detect not only the imperfect functioning of a sanitary system cubits underfoot, but the spuriousness of alleged antiques and the insolvency of prospective clients.

A profiteer once said to him: "Mr. Colquhoun, I believe you can *smell* money!" And the architect, laying a flattering hand on the massive shoulder of the captain of industry, murmured: "But, my dear, how much better to smell of it!"

Quentin Cort was a fastidious rather than a successful man, and the proximity of Sigismund was a trial to him. He could never have brought himself to consult him professionally had not Mrs. Cort been at school with Mrs. Colquhoun and insisted that her friend had married "the most artistic decorator in London." Doing violence to his feelings, Cort consented. Plans and estimates were accepted for the renovation of Ailsham Manor, the Tudor house which had recently been left him by his great-uncle.

A little later Sigismund made his aspersions on the drainage. "Of course," he said, with a soothing motion of his plump, manicured hand, "I would never advise unnecessary expense, Mr. Cort, but we must think of Mrs. Cort's health."

There were reasons why Mrs. Cort's health was a consideration, but Cort thought the architect was hitting below the belt in thus importing sentiment into a business transaction.

"Thank you," he answered drily, "there is no need to go into that; but perhaps you may as well have the drains vetted and put 'em all in working order."

"If I may suggest it," continued Sigismund suavely, "I would like to send down the expert sanitary engineers we always employ. They can be relied on to give you an honest opinion, and in the long run the best is the cheapest. I had them at my own little place at Richmond, and I can give you my word, Mrs. Colquhoun is delighted, and the kiddies are a picture of health and high spirits."

Cort could have pictured them, but forbore.

In due course an army of infuriated badgers proceeded to devastate the lawns and shrubberies of Ailsham. The head gardener wept; Cort swore, recapturing easily a fluency of invective which had made him invaluable on the towing-path. But the good work was carried on. Presently lorries began to roll up and disgorge mountainous piles of brick. "These are for the soak-aways and the septic tanks," the foreman explained; and he indicated various sites where the badgers were seemingly engaged in prospecting for minerals.

"We have got to get down to the chalk," he volunteered.

"And how far down is the chalk?" Cort queried, with an assumption of calm.

Ah," said the foreman; "there you have

me! We may strike it at fifteen feet, or we may have to go to sixty. You see, the levels vary every few yards."

"And when you hit the chalk," Cort pursued.

"Why, then we go ten feet into the chalk, Sir," the man answered simply.

Cort thanked him and, plunged in thought, made his way to the library. There he pulled out his recent cheque-books and began to run through the butts, adding up the totals roughly as he went. "Yes," he said, "seventeen thousand pounds in nine months. Friend Sigismund is an expensive luxury."

Six weeks later Mrs. Cort handed her husband a telegram across the breakfast-table.

"Juliet wires that she and Sigismund would like to run down for lunch on Sunday."

Cort grunted behind the *Morning Post*. He had not slept too well, and a procession of figures had danced all night across the wall-paper. Mrs. Cort repeated her news.

"I heard what you said," he answered wearily; "I suppose Sigismund wants to see the tin-mines."

"Are you getting tin out of the estate, darling?"

"*Au contraire*, as the Frenchman said when they passed him the prunes: putting it in."

"I'm afraid I can't always follow you, dear; shall I tell her we shall be delighted to see them?"

"I suppose so," answered Cort, and he returned to an article on the repatriation of the Jews which seemed to meet with his approval.

Sunday was a perfect September day, and nothing disturbed the Sabbath calm until the guttural purring of the Colquhouns' "super-six" was heard in the flagged court. Very expensive, the flagged court, because Sigismund decided it ought all to be relaid and a concrete bed supplied, which had somehow never been thought of in the simpler age of Elizabeth.

But he was very pleased with it all. The weather was commended, as if that also had been specially ordered in Cork Street; and the Tudor architect would have felt encouraged had he been present in spirit to hear how lightly Sigismund assumed full credit for the mellow harmony of those weathered bricks.

Lunch was a pleasant meal, for Cort was too well-bred to be other than a charming host. Presently Mrs. Colquhoun was invited to make a tour of the other rooms, where the curtains, palmettes, carpets and tapestry received her approval. After all, she had selected them. She was extremely artistic, but too ornamental for her business acumen to be fully appreciated. Mrs. Cort, who was a sweet, guileless person, did indeed reflect that she had never been able to afford furs like her friend's. It did not occur to her that she was paying for them.

Meanwhile Sigismund, furnished with a Corona Corona, was piloted towards the rose-garden. He was in superb form. That second glass of old brandy made him feel, in his own elegant phrase, that he "wouldn't call the King his uncle."

"Delicious," he murmured, stooping to make the acquaintance of Hugh Dickson, whose velvety fragrance gained little by the admixture.

"Do you, by any chance, happen to remember the Greek idiom for 'a bull in a china-shop'?" Cort asked him, with studied irrelevance.

"I'm afraid I can't help you there. You see, I was on the 'Modern Side' at Harrow. Now, if it had been a bull on the Stock Exchange! I suppose you keep up your classics, Mr. Cort? You men of leisure have time for these hobbies."

"The classics have their use, Mr. Colquhoun, though you might not think so. They are curiously apposite, and time only seems to make them fresher."

If Sigismund's hearing had been as acute as some of his other faculties, he might have caught his host savouring under his breath a phrase at which he faintly smiled. This, being translated, was "Pig among roses!"

However, it passed unnoticed.

A few short turns of the box-edged paths brought them to a little thicket of golden privet and laurustinus.

"While we are here," Cort said, "perhaps you would care to glance at the catacombs?"

"I had no idea there were Roman remains on your property, Mr. Cort."

"Well, these are just as good, and I owe them all to you. Allow me!" And Cort, holding aside a well-grown shrub, ushered the visitor into a small clearing thickly screened on all sides, at the centre of which showed a sort of rough well-head covered over with loose boards.

"Of course, the soak-away!" exclaimed Sigismund. "But I see you enjoy pulling my leg, Mr. Cort."

"I never can resist taking the gambit pawn. The British workman, having finished the Hun, feels that no more can reasonably be required of him; so, instead of putting a nice tidy dome on this thing, he has been seeing a little football this week."

"We are in their hands, we employers," Sigismund lamented. "Still, I hope you are satisfied with Sinker and Loman's work: very conscientious we have always found them; a little slow, but thorough, thorough." And he stepped up to the pit-head.

"No doubt you are right," Cort agreed, "but with such expensive, high-class work, it seems to me odd that they don't finish things better."

"Why, what makes you think they have scamped it? Let's look into this," said Sigismund, and he lifted the loose boards and leant over the shaft. "Well, they've dug down deep enough, anyway; eighty feet at least!"

"Yes, but what I mean is that they have laid all those bricks without a particle of cement."

"That is the usual way, I believe, but I'll go into it for you."

"Yes, do!" said Cort, who was tired of exercising self-control; and, gripping the architect suddenly by the slack of the trousers and the nape of the neck, he sent him down to make a first-hand report.

The report was satisfactory; a little dull perhaps, but convincing enough. Cort stepped back and wiped a bead or two of sweat from his forehead. "Rowing develops muscles one seldom needs in middle life," he thought; "still, they do come in."

Carefully returning in the victim's footsteps, Cort went back to the house through the rose-garden. He noticed that Hugh Dickson was looking a little off colour. An absurd impulse moved him; he stooped. "Hugh, old man, I simply must tell you something," and he whispered for a second or two. The deep crimson rose nodded

(Continued on page 137)

This Week's Studdy.



"NOBODY LOVES ME!"

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.

Gardez vous d'être sévère.

I.

Gardez-vous d'être sévère,
Quand on vous parle d'amour ;
Votre cœur jeune bergère
S'en repentirait un jour ;
Gardez-vous d'être sévère,
Quand on vous parle d'amour. . . .
Gardez-vous d'être sévère,
Quand on vous parle d'amour.

II.

Gardez-vous d'être sévère,
Quand on vous parle d'amour ;
Un plaisir que l'on diffère
Se perd souvent sans retour ;
Gardez-vous d'être sévère,
Quand on vous parle d'amour. . . .
Gardez-vous d'être sévère
Quand on vous parle d'amour.



OLD FRENCH CHANSONS WITH

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE

We continue here the Shepard series begun in "The Sketch" a while ago. The French song is published by

Don't hand out the frozen mit.

Don't hand out the frozen mit,
Priceless girl, when something male
Calls you absolutely IT
And begins to tell the tale.

If you jib and play the prude,
You'll get left and you'll be vexed;
Miss your chance, it's phut, for good;
You may whistle for the next.



SUPER-MODERN RENDERINGS.—No. X.

SKETCH" BY ERNEST H. SHEPARD.

permission of MM. Durand et Cie., 4, Place de la Madeleine, Paris, and is from "Echos du Temps Passé."

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**





FORTY - FOUR QUEENS : FIRST - MAGNITUDE STARS OF THE CINEMA WORLD.

Everyone now takes an interest in the "Silent Stage," so our remarkable double page of queens of the screen world will make a wide appeal. We have assembled the portraits of

forty-four of the most famous stars of the "movies," and grouped them round Miss Mary Pickford, the "World's Sweetheart." A key to the group is on "The Clubman" page.

"The Year's at the Spring; the Day's at the Morn."



THE 'YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF SIR HARRY AND LADY MAINWARING: MISS ZARA MAINWARING.

This fascinating portrait study shows Miss Zara Mainwaring, the five-year-old daughter of Sir Harry Stapleton Mainwaring, Bt., of Over-Peover, Cheshire. Miss Zara, who is the younger of Sir Harry's two little girls,

is a lovely child, and no wonder, for her mother, Lady Mainwaring, who is the elder daughter of Sir Richard Williams-Bulkeley, Bt., is one of the most beautiful women in Society.

Portrait Study by Marcus Adams, The Children's Studio, 43, Dover Street, W.

The Daughter-in-Law of a Famous Singer.



FORMERLY MISS HERMIONE WRIGHT: MRS. RUDOLPH ELWES.

Mrs. Rudolph Elwes is the wife of Mr. Rudolph Philip Elwes, M.C., formerly Captain in the Coldstream Guards, the second son of Lady Winifred Elwes and the late Mr. Gervase Elwes, the famous concert

singer. She is the elder daughter of Mr. Henry Fitzherbert Wright, of Yeldersley Hall, Derbyshire, was married in 1919, and has a little son, who only recently made his appearance on this planet.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MALCOLM ARBUTHNOT, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

Presenter, Waiter, and Grand Duke: A Great Comedian.



IN HIS "SALLY" DRESSING-ROOM: MR. LESLIE HENSON AT THE WINTER GARDEN THEATRE.

Mr. Leslie Henson, our popular comedian—who is to be seen at his ludicrous best as the 'Grand Duke of Czechogovinia, who has fallen on evil days and become a waiter at the Alley Inn, in "Sally," the Winter Garden success—is one of the presenters of the new Shaftesbury farce,

"Tons of Money," which was produced recently and seems certain to be one of the popular plays of the moment. Everyone will join in wishing Mr. Leslie Henson the best of luck in the new venture, for he is one of the greatest favourites among stage celebrities.

PHOTOGRAPH EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH" BY STAGE PHOTO. CO.



The Literary Lounger. By Keble Howard.

Criticising a Critic.

I always admire a critic who puts himself up to be criticised. It shows a sporting spirit, as though the keeper suddenly said to the rabbit, "Here you are, little man! I'll give you a pop at me!"

Mr. Archibald Haddon, author of "Green-Room Gossip," has contributed dramatic



BEAUTY ON THE "LADIES' MILE": MRS. DAVID KING AND A HANDSOME "FRIEND."

She is beginning to take walking exercise in the park that we have had a few fine spring mornings, and a photographer snapped Mrs. David King to this handsome "friend" in the Row.

Photograph by C.N.

criticism to the *Daily Express* for exactly twenty years without a break. At least, his Editor says so, and I am not one to doubt the word of an Editor. How it is that I have never met Mr. Haddon in the flesh I know not, for I attended every first-night in London from 1869 to 1907—since when I have never attended one at all.

However, Mr. Haddon has been kind to me on paper, and I hope we shall remain friends on paper even after I have written this article. Although, as I shall show directly, I differ from Mr. Haddon in many of his opinions, it is impossible to read this little book without admitting his courage, his honesty, and his enthusiasm. There you have the first three qualities for a dramatic critic, and the greatest of these is enthusiasm—for the play and the playhouse.

Henry Irving," says Mr. Haddon, "the last great English actor, has been dead these seventeen years. His throne is still vacant. There is no one—and there has been none—worthy to wear his mantle. Where is the new Roscius whose coming will herald the Renaissance of English acting? Is he in the ranks of our armies, with a Shakespeare in his knapsack? Is he, like Edmund Kean, a poor strolling player with leaking boots, unknown and despised, as on the night when Kean slunk into Drury Lane and stormed the town with *Shylock*?

Glance at the contemporary stage—or the stage of the whole post-*Irving* period—

and try to visualise a single piece of acting which has driven an audience frantic with enthusiasm. In the old Lyceum days the gallery would cheer for ten minutes at the end of a tremendous scene. I have seen people standing on the seats in the stalls and waving their handkerchiefs, hats, and programmes at Henry Irving."

The Irving Standard.

Now this is all very well, but I submit, with deference, that it is not fair to set an Irving standard and expect other actors to rise to it. You might as well say, "Where is your modern Shakespeare? Tush! We have no writers!" Or, "Where is your modern Napoleon? Tush! We have no soldiers!" Or, "Where is your modern King David? Tush! We have no royal harpists!"

Irving was not an actor at all. He was a superhuman being, with the face and personal magnetism of a god. Because he took to acting, being born poor, he became one of the greatest actors, if not the greatest actor, the world has ever seen. He never happened before, so far as we know, and the chances are he will not happen again for a thousand years or so, if at all. If he had gone into the Church he would have been the greatest Archbishop of all time; if into politics, the greatest Prime Minister of all time. And so on. Just imagine Irving as the representative of England at the Peace Conference! What in the world would Wilson and all the other fellows have looked like?

I was once the humble instrument of bringing to pass a dinner at which Irving was the guest of honour, and all the other actor-managers of the day were fellow-guests. It was a cruel affair. The others simply did not exist. They were all clever men, distinguished men, with exhibition-faces. But you could see no other face but that of Irving. And when he rose to speak, and said nothing in particular as though the sublimest witcheries of oratory were assembled in his head to be called on at will, we all dropped our jaws like imbeciles, and gave a perfect imitation of audiences at the Lyceum.

The New Standard.

No, Sir. You must put Irving right out of your head when you talk about modern acting. The existence of Irving in the nineteenth century is the curse of the actor who has to earn his living on the boards in the twentieth. Luckily for the latter, there is already a generation that never saw Irving, and no more believes in

him than we believe in Phelps, Garrick, Macready, and all the rest of the big names. I never saw Fred Leslie, and if anyone tells me that he was funnier than G. P. Huntley at his funniest I shall refuse to believe it. So there is a grain of comfort for the modern actor who labours and sweats under the shadow of Irving's monument.

We have a new standard of acting in these days. The style of acting has changed, and audiences have changed. The best modern actor does not strive to get us standing on our seats in the stalls. He wants us to sit quietly in our places, and listen attentively, and think. We, for our part, have no desire to go frantic with enthusiasm. We have been through a good deal, we are rather tired, and going frantic is not in our line. We leave that to the people who are now booking their seats for the last night of the next Gilbert and Sullivan season in London, yet carefully refrained from going frantic over the same company, in the same parts, when they visited Hammersmith and Wimbledon year after year.

Comparisons.

Mr. Haddon goes in for comparisons. He enumerates Toole, Tree, the Bancrofts, the Kendals, Wyndham, Forbes-Robertson, Hare, Wilson Barrett, Alexander, Ellen Terry, and Genevieve Ward. Can we compare these, he asks, with the principal actors now before the public?

Why the "principal actors"? It is not always the principal actors who have the most talent. I saw Toole only in his fading days, but I doubt if he was ever a better comedian than Huntley. Tree I never admired very greatly; I think Leslie Faber or Franklyn Dyllal infinitely better actors. The Bancrofts I never saw, or merely at benefits. Mr. Kendal was never a good actor, but Mrs. Kendal was supreme. Yet has Mr. Haddon never seen Mary Jerrold? It is true that I shall never forget Mrs. Kendal in "The Likeness of the Night"; it is equally true that I shall never forget Mary Jerrold in "The Governor's Lady."

And so the list might continue. Sir Gerald du Maurier is a better actor than Sir George Alexander ever was, though his trousers don't hang so well. Would Mr. Haddon exchange Henry Ainley for Wilson Barrett? Ellen Terry was, and is, a wonderful personage; but she was of the Irving school, and, as I have said, we do

not now cultivate the type. Sir Charles Hawtrey is certainly as good an actor as Sir John Hare. . . . I have many others on my list,

Continued overleaf.



"ORPHANS OF THE STORM"! MR. D. W. GRIFFITH AND JACK DEMPSEY ON BOARD THE "AQUITANIA."

Jack Dempsey, the world's heavyweight boxer, and Mr. D. W. Griffith, the famous film producer, whose latest picture, "Orphans of the Storm," is creating such a sensation at the Scala, arrived in England by the "Aquitania." Our photograph shows them having a friendly spar on board the liner, after rather a rough passage.—(Photograph by S. and J. G.)

(Continued.)

but I feel that I am labouring the point. We are all convinced.

Present Position of the Stage. "I will tell you frankly," says Mr. Haddon, "why the London stage has sunk to its lowest common denominator. The reason is this. The men who run the London theatres, with very few exceptions, are not the kind of men who should be entrusted with the task. Their noses are glued to their box-office plans. The only accounts they care to render are concerned with financial profit and loss, and the distribution of dividends."

Here we are all agreed—all those of us, at least, who love the theatre above rubies. But, if you admit that, it is illogical to cry out that no good plays are being written. There are plenty of good plays being written, but only the very young and optimistic writers send them out in the hope of seeing them produced. The more experienced, the bitterly experienced, have abandoned the idea of writing their best work for their contemporaries. They write for bread-and-butter so that they may keep breath in their bodies until they have completed the work they were born to do, but which, in most cases, will not be seen until the authors have passed hence.

And, after all, what does it matter to the author? It is pleasant and flattering, no doubt, to be a popular and belauded person, but that is not the beginning and the end of creative work. To get the work done is the thing, and leave the public production of it to Fate. Some day or other, if there is any good in it, it will see the light. In the meantime, the public of to-day must put up with what they get until they can make it clear that they are ready to pay for something better.

The Halls. I fear that Mr. Haddon, in common with so many critics, is a tiny bit of a snob. In a book of two hundred and eighty-two pages, for example, he gives only five pages to the music-halls. He reports Mr. Gillespie as saying: "The music-hall stage in England has become dreary for want of new blood and variety."

And what encouragement do Mr. Haddon and his brother-critics give to new blood and variety? I can remember, not so very long ago, the production at a leading London hall of an entirely new type of sketch. It was written by a man of letters who had made his mark as a dramatist, and there appeared in it one of our foremost actresses. It was handsomely noticed by the *Times*, the *Daily Telegraph*, and the *Morning Post*, who recognised that here was something quite different for the halls, which might very well create an entirely new line of short plays. Mr. Haddon contented himself by observing that "the sketch is a graceful trifle amusingly performed."

Is that any encouragement for an experiment which was destined to withstand over three hundred performances in all parts of the country, and to be witnessed by hundreds of thousands of people?

I said at the outset that Mr. Haddon had enthusiasm. So he has, but his enthusiasm should extend to the small as well as the great, to the commercially unsuccessful good play as well as the commercially successful good play.

At the end of his book he prints a list of plays produced at the London theatres in 1921 which, for one reason or another, were not commercially successful. "One or two of the above pieces," he says, "deserved a better fate." He does not specify those pieces, even though, at the time of production,

he accorded them high praise in his columns. They are dismissed with the rest. They failed because the year was disastrous, and some were produced in the very midst of the time of greatest disaster—the coal strike. But they failed commercially, and are therefore lumped into a general list with those that Mr. Haddon could not praise.

Is this fair? A book such as "Green Room Gossip" is placed on the shelves of many and becomes a work of reference for the period it covers. The author of such a



THE PRINCESS WHOSE ENGAGEMENT TO THE CROWN PRINCE LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM IS REPORTED: PRINCESS YOLANDA OF SAVOY (ON LEFT).

Princess Yolanda is the elder daughter of the King and Queen of Italy, and report states that an official announcement of her engagement to the Crown Prince Leopold of Belgium (the Duke of Brabant) will shortly be made. The Duke of Brabant is twenty-one years of age, was educated at Eton, and is a great friend of Prince Henry. Princess Yolanda is six months younger than the Duke of Brabant.

Photograph by Pisculli.



AT THE WIRRAL HUNT POINT-TO-POINT: THE MISSES ISOLDE AND BARBARA GROSVENOR AND MISS BRENDA FOX LUNCHING WITH SOME FRIENDS.

Miss Isolde and Miss Barbara Grosvenor are the daughters of Lord and Lady Arthur Grosvenor, of Broxton, Cheshire. Lord Arthur Grosvenor is a son of the first Duke of Westminster, and an uncle of the present holder of the title.

Photograph by Wilkinson.

book has a responsibility. It is for him to right the wrong, so far as he can, done to an author by Fate or indiscretions of management. That author may never have another chance. Chances in the West End are few, and a failure, whether deserved or not, makes them fewer still. It is to straight, fearless

fellows like Mr. Haddon that we, who are battling against such fearful odds, look for justice and championship.

"The Room." There is something queer about this book. When I began to read it I formed the idea that the author, G. B. Stern, was an American, and that the scene of the story was laid in America. Presently I began to suspect that the scene really was in England, and not an Anglicised England. So I had to start all over again.

My next trouble was the multiplicity of characters all introduced in a bunch.

"Not that Ursula went to school; she 'studied' with Miss Roberts, the governess. Lottie also did her lessons with Miss Roberts—but Lottie was only ten, hence the distinction in terms. But it was the same Miss Roberts. [I thanked heaven for that, anyway.] Grace and Nina had gone to a High School about twenty minutes by train from Buckler's Cross. They were only separated by two years in age. But Ursula came five years after Nina, with Hal between. . . . By the time she was nine, Lottie was three, and Miss Roberts had to be kept on for Lottie—Nurse had quite sufficient to do with William, just born."

Now, my clever one, do you think you could pass an examination in the names and ages of the family with whom we are about to deal? Because, unless you have them clear in your mind, I don't see how you propose to enjoy the story.

Dickens is a much-derided person, but, my hat! he did know his job well enough to impress his characters on the mind of the reader. No turning back with Master Dickens to see who was who! You couldn't forget them once you had made their acquaintance, and you never have forgotten them and never will.

I shall have another go at "The Room" with pencil and paper. I believe if I once got the hang of the cast I should like it.

"Pillars of Salt." Here is a book you will enjoy if you are not very easily shocked. I wonder whether "Arthur Mills," the author, is a man or a woman? It seems to know all about women's

minds, and women's feelings, and women's clothes, and yet it has a man's name and makes men talk like men, which women seldom accomplish.

We hunt in this book and we drink cocktails rather freely, and we kiss our neighbour's wife very freely, and we play cards, and get into debt, and have all sorts of adventures without doing a stroke of work. It is a world that would bore me to death, but I like to read about it when Arthur Mills is the author.

It has a way with it, has Arthur. There is a very well done little scene where a gentleman kisses a married lady (he had just met) in a hollow tree. Oh, very daintily done! Which makes all the difference in tales of this sort. I suppose, in our poor human hearts, we all rather like sin and hate vulgarity. Most of our "naughty" novelists give us nine-tenths vulgarity to one-tenth sin. Arthur Mills mixes ingredients far more deftly. Take, for example—

On second thoughts, no. I must have already sold five thousand copies for Arthur and Mr. Duckworth.

Green Room Gossip. By Archibald Haddon. (Stanley Paul; 6s. net.)

The Room. By G. B. Stern. (Chapman and Hall; 7s. 6d. net.)

Pillars of Salt. By Arthur Mills. (Duckworth; 7s. 6d. net.)

Not at Present Prices!



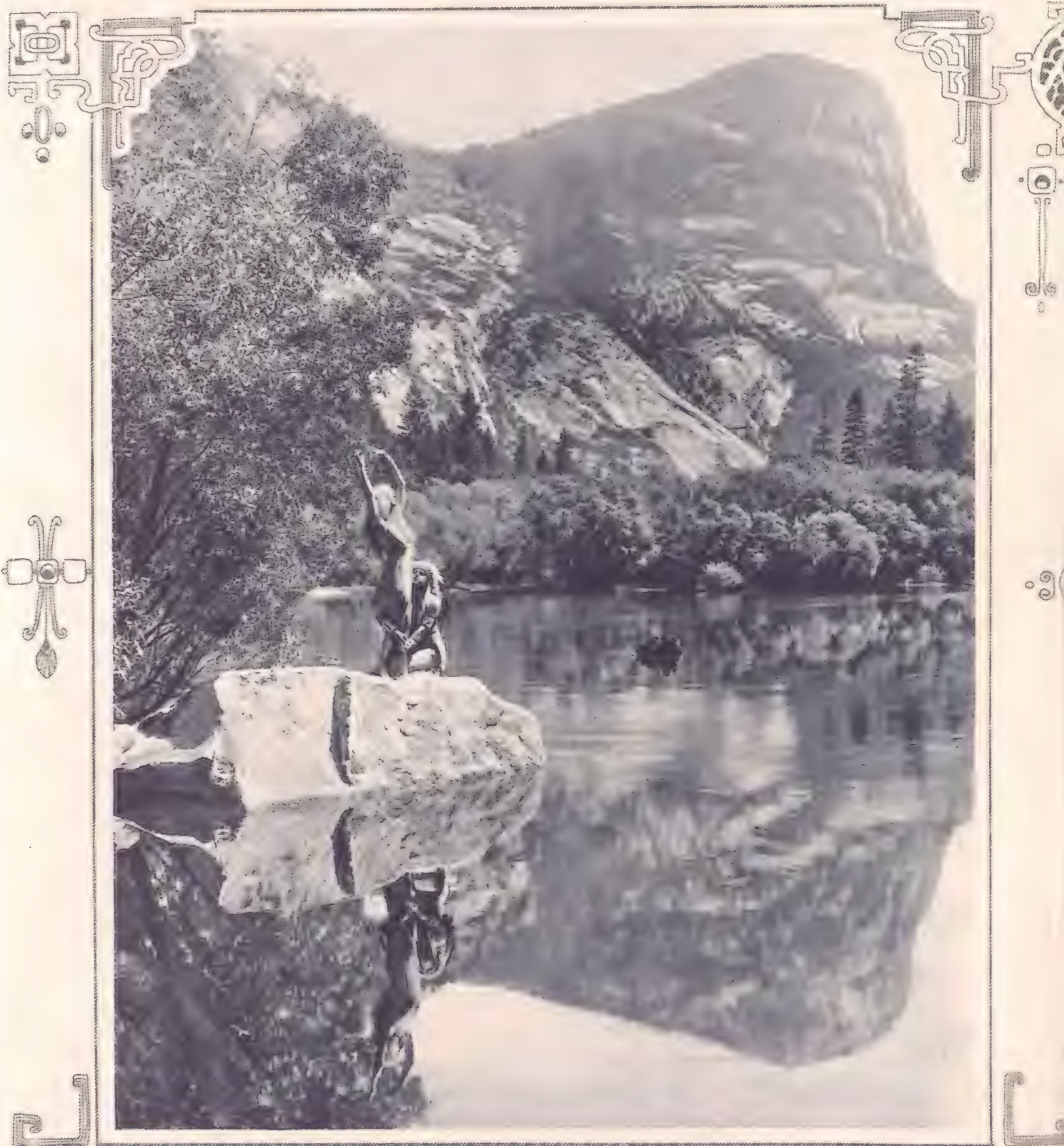
"Do they throw rice at all weddings, Mummy?"

"Yes, dear."

"And do they throw coal at funerals?"

DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.

"THE INVOCATION TO THE THUNDERBIRD":



THE INDIAN INVOKES THE SPIRIT OF THE LAKE: RUTH ST. DENIS AND TED SHAWN AT MIRROR LAKE, YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK.

These beautiful photographs of Miss Ruth St. Denis and Mr. Ted Shawn were taken while they were rehearsing their new dance, "The Invocation to the Thunderbird," in the Yosemite National Park, and illustrate sunlight and stormcloud effects obtained in some of America's grandest

DANCING IN SUNLIGHT AND STORMCLOUD.



AT THE BRIDAL VEIL FALLS, IN YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK: RUTH ST. DENIS AND TED SHAWN
DANCING "THE INVOCATION TO THE THUNDERBIRD."

scenery. The two famous dancers, who have achieved such enormous success in America, will shortly pay a visit to England with their company. At the moment of writing no announcement as to the theatre at which they will appear has been made.

Plays — Without Prejudice.



"ROUND IN 50," AT THE HIPPODROME.

George and Jules.

Variations by Mr. George Robey on a theme of M. Jules Verne afford an attractive prospect. It is not merely attractive. But it attracts. As you will find out if you try to cross the road at the corner by Leicester Square Tube station. And "Round in 50" will be round in 365 before we know where we are or Mr. Herman Finck has had to think of any new tunes. Because it is a good Revue. And a good Revue is (unlike a good girl) a Safe Draw.

Find the Singing Ducks!

And a thoroughly creditable production, as well. Not unduly pretentious, perhaps, in its publicity. Rarely in conflict with the fraternity of critics. Uncheered by any singing ducks. But yet a good revue, with pretty things to look at and funny things to hear. And a real story—by an old master rediscovered by Mr. Sax Rohmer, whose scenes of polychromatic adventure always tantalise us from the railway bookstalls.

The Kellaway Touch.

It was Mr. Kellaway (Alec) who went round in 50. If it had been Mr. Kellaway (of St. Martin's-le-Grand) one doubts whether he would ever have succeeded in starting. Probably the P.M.G. would still be filling up forms about himself. And he would certainly have got lost somewhere between Brindisi and Hong Kong, returning to London twenty years after with an old, old postmark and an

apologetic Statement to the effect that he had been opened in error.

George Under Way.

But even Mr. Kellaway jun. as Mr. Fogg jun. would never have got there without George. And neither—to be perfectly candid with the authors, composers, producers, and management—should we. Because, apart from some Lupino muscles and the real comic gifts of Miss Renée Reel, there is George *et praterea nihil*. But he makes up for all the rest of it with real hard work on the top of his form.

Jokes.

Perhaps the Lupini are a shade Christmassy in their pantomime comedy. But it is good fun to keep us alive through the odd moments when George is disRobing. His return to the scene is what one lives for, and when he is landed with a bomb at Brindisi or suffers a nervous tic from the

whisky of Hong Kong, one is glad to be alive. And gladdest of all when

he presides over the Pussy-foot assembly in San Francisco. And his recitation (on one beautifully pointed toe) of the poem by Miss Ella Wheeler Wilcox is an exquisite thing. Not to mention his forensic manner in the hushing-up, police-court episode of the *petit mal* or megrims robbery.

Movies and Scenery.

Perhaps the newest thing about it all is the extremely effective use which is made of the movies. A real, shifting sea-scene is substituted for the usual scene-painter's blue-and-white abomination in the Quayside scene at New York. And amateurs of Hindhead weep real salt tears of sentimental reminiscence when the desperate automobilists whizz up the Portsmouth Road. But weren't they whizzing in the wrong direction? It doesn't matter. Because it is a first-rate effect, and we all loved it.

The Answer's an Orange.

As also we did one highly successful piece of scenic

work of the old stationary type. The Californian Orange Grove is a really charming scene, and whoever arranged it deserves all



AN ENCHANTING DANCER NOW APPEARING AT THE LONDON COLISEUM: MME. CLOTILDE SAKHAROFF.

The dancing of Clotilde and Alexandre Sakharoff, which was one of the attractions of the programme of the London Coliseum last week, is one of the most beautiful things ever seen on the London stage. Our photograph shows Mme. Clotilde Sakharoff as the Little Shepherd.—[Photograph by Gilbert Rend.]

the credit that he, she, or it can get. And there was a solid air of Drury Lane melodrama realism about Portsmouth Police Station which must have brought tears to the eyes of its habitués.

Impressions.

But it was hard, really hard, to think of anything except Mr. Robey. In his grill, at the douane, dry in the United States, dampish in China, and apprehensive in a motor-boat, he was violently and successfully—himself. And that is all that we shall ever ask him to be. Because it is quite enough for us. And he knows so excellently how to be it.

And More.

Yet one must not forget the others. Because Miss Renée Reel is a real *comédienne*. She has a sense of humour. And, if we have one about us, she wants to know where it is and does things to it. The Lupinos are simpler; but they have lots of energy, and one of them wears that engaging family smile. Miss Jean Allistone sings vigorously, and conducts a peripatetic idyll with Mr. Kellaway, who comports himself with becoming decorum in the highly embarrassing company of a number of highly decorative ladies representing liqueurs. (This scene will have to be modified if the management transfers the show to New York: a ballet of Soft Drinks and Near Beer is not an alluring prospect, but Diaghileff might make something of it.) Altogether, then, a pleasant evening in lively company, with nice noises and pleasant sights.



A GREAT SUCCESS IN "WOMAN TO WOMAN" ON TOUR: MISS JEANNE CASALIS.

Miss Jeanne Casalis is the talented young actress who has just scored such a big success as Deloryse, the leading rôle in "Woman to Woman," in Liverpool, Glasgow, Edinburgh, etc. Our photograph shows her as the Chinois in Mozart's opera, "Bastien et Bastienne," in which she made her first appearance in England at the Aeolian Hall.—[Camera Portrait by Hugh Cecil.]



SINGING "RAGGEDY MAN," AT THE PALACE:
MISS PHYLLIS MONKMAN, OF THE CO-OPTIMISTS.



"THE SINGING HORSE" OF THE CO-OPTIMISTS:
MR. GILBERT CHILDS AND MR. LADDIE CLIFF.

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"LOYALTIES"; AND "SHALL WE JOIN THE LADIES?" (ST. MARTIN'S).

One of the best Galsworthy plays, dealing with a theft case in high Society. Excellent characterisation and capital acting throughout, especially in the case of the two dual rôles, played by J. H. Roberts and Ben Field. Followed by Barrie's very amusing "unfinished" work.

"THE LADY OF THE ROSE" (DALY'S).

The best Daly piece since the war. Good music and, for a change, an interesting plot. Especially notable for a fine performance by Harry Welchman. Phyllis Dare and Huntley Wright at their best.

"THE BEGGAR'S OPERA" (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH)

Mr. Gay's famous Operetta is presented in C. Lovat Fraser settings. "Revised" version, with songs originally omitted.

"ORPHANS OF THE STORM" (SCALA).

A Griffith film play of the French Revolution, of the very best type, convincing and exciting.

EXCEPTIONALLY GOOD PLAYS.

1. "THE SIGN ON THE DOOR" (PLAYHOUSE).

A Murder-Mystery Drama; and a magnificent piece of acting by Gladys Cooper. Altogether a "gripping" play.

2. "AMBROSE APPLEJOHN'S ADVENTURE" (CRITERION).

Charles Hawtrey in perfection as his stage self and as a "tuppenny"-coloured, Skeltery pirate with "scummy" oaths.

*3. "TONS OF MONEY" (SHAFTESBURY).

Very funny English farce. Ralph Lynn and Yvonne Arnaud first-rate.

7. "THE BAT" (ST. JAMES'S).

A mass of familiar detective complications; with a mystery very well sustained.

*8. "OTHER PEOPLE'S TROUBLES" (COMEDY).

By R. C. Carton. Quite amusing. Miss Compton characteristic. Also Athene Seyler capital; and C. M. Lowne, Edmund Willard, Compton Courtts, and Forrester Harvey.

9. "THE FUN OF THE FAYRE" (LONDON PAVILION).

C. B. Cochran's successful revue. Second attractive version.

4. "A TO Z" (PRINCE OF WALES'S).

On seeing this revue for a second time, we consider that it has earned new "placing" in our order of merit. We have pleasure, therefore, in including it in this division. It is in every way "a jolly good show."

5. "THE WHEEL" (APOLLO).

The triangle (Eternal, not Y.M.C.A.) in India. Picturesque and poignant drama. Brilliant acting by Phyllis Neilson-Terry.

6. "ROUND IN 50" (LONDON HIPPODROME).

Most amusing, and charmingly spectacular. A very modern sequel to Jules Verne's "Round the World in Eighty Days." George Robey at his best; and excellent work by Barry Lupino, Renée Reel, and others

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

1. "POT LUCK" (VAUDEVILLE). Revue intime.

2. "SALLY" WINTER GARDEN. Musical comedy.

*3. "IF FOUR WALLS TOLD" (ROYALTY). Edyth Goodall.

4. "QUALITY STREET" (HAYMARKET). A Barrie play.

5. "THE MAN IN DRESS CLOTHES" (GARRICK). French farce.

6. "THE CO-OPTIMISTS" (PALACE). A "Follyish" show.

*7. "DECAMERON NIGHTS" (DRURY LANE). Very beautiful spectacle.

*8. "LOVE'S AWAKENING" (EMPIRE). Good light opera.

9. THE GRAND GUIGNOL (LITTLE THEATRE). New series of plays.

[Continued opposite.



THE CO-COMMUNISTS OF THE CO-OPTIMISTS, AT THE PALACE: MR. DAVY BURNABY, MR. GILBERT CHILDS, AND MR. LADDIE CLIFF (L. TO R.).

[Continued.]

10. "WELCOME STRANGER" (LYRIC). A Potash-and-Perlmuttery comedy.

*11. "MR. WU" (NEW). Matheson Lang and Lillian Braithwaite in their original parts.

12. "MAYFAIR AND MONTMARTRE" (NEW OXFORD). Revue magnificent.

*13. "MR. PIM PASSES BY" (GLOBE). A welcome revival.

14. "THE CURATE'S EGG" (AMBASSADORS). Nelson Keys' Revue.

*15. "RUNNING WATER" (WYNDHAM'S). A. E. W. Mason's latest; with Edna Best.

16. "HIS GIRL" (GAIETY). Musical Comedy.

17. THE RUSSIAN BALLET (COVENT GARDEN). Lopokova, Massine, and company; preceded by a film.

It should be noted that the opinion here given is purely editorial and entirely unprejudiced, and for the benefit of those who are not regular visitors to town, and have but a short time at their disposal. It must be emphasised that there are other entertainments quite

worth seeing. None of these "mentions" is paid for. Productions too late for this list will be "placed" in our next number. We give the plays mentioned in the order of their merit according to our opinion. * First mention in our list.

The Lights of Paris.

Repetitive Pictures.

There is a great deal to see at the Grand Palais. That is just the trouble. No one likes looking at pictures more than I do; but where is one to begin in these overcrowded galleries? It is certain that with the best will in the world you will scamp the galleries that are at the end of your tour. Flesh and blood is not equal to the task of examining with attention pictures whose number runs into thousands. Especially as so much of it has all been seen before a million times. What makes me impatient with the Salon de la Nationale is that nearly all the best craftsmen here repeat themselves endlessly. They have struck a line, and they continue along it. It may be a good line. A blue nocturne may be delicious; but if a painter paints two hundred blue nocturnes then I am inclined to call him a bore.

Boldini's Bomb.

Once upon a time this particular salon was much influenced by Whistler. It still is to some extent; but the Whistlerian cult is dimmer—and, indeed, is now barely perceptible here. What is to be remarked is that the Salon becomes more respectable every year. There is none of the old revolutionary spirit about it. The work is distinctly good—but it is also distinctly stereotyped. One naturally looks at the portraits in this exhibition, and, as usual, there are many of them. Boldini is back. He is as explosive as ever. He paints a family group—mother and children—and you wonder whether a bomb had not burst in the drawing-room and scattered his subjects in different directions and attitudes.

Sober Van Dongen.

A man who catches up the modes in portrait-painting better than anyone is Benito, who is Boldini and Van Dongen and several other artists rolled into one. As for Van Dongen, in his picture of M. Pierre Lafitte, the famous Paris publisher, he is comparatively sober. One may well regard Prinnet as among the very best portraitists; and Jacques Blanche has an excellent likeness of Mlle. Hélène Vacaresco. Aman-Jean has dexterously done a Japanese lady; Mme. Marval is graceful; Boutet de Monvel is in my opinion one of the most conscientious and successful of workers. Mlle. Breslau has depicted herself; she is exceedingly able, and it may be recalled that Marie Bashkirtseff was envious of her in the old days at Julian's.

Some Busts.

But the feature of the Salon is Lucien Simon's "Atelier." It is really in its style a notable painting. Its technique is superb and its colouring is brilliant. Among the busts English visitors will be struck by Bourdelle's head of Sir James Frazer, the author of "The Golden Bough," who was recently honoured

at the Sorbonne in Paris. The Indian poet Tagore stands at the top of the stairs. Jacques Copeau, the actor-manager of the Vieux-Colombier, is well represented by Philippe Besnard.

An Invasion. Probably the majority of English visitors—who simply throng the streets, monopolise the restaurants, and crowd legitimate residents like myself out of the theatres—will, however, prefer the outdoor sights of Paris during the day. It was with extraordinary suddenness that the atrocious weather improved. I am touching wood, for by the time my letter gets over the Channel we may have been plunged

back into mid-winter. But it remains and will remain true that I gazed out of my window one day at black boughs, and the next day found the sun shining and the trees all green. Those who formed part of the biggest invasion of Paris since the old pre-war days could hardly

as well known to Frenchmen as it should be, there are plenty of facilities for visitors. Sometimes I marvel at the strange ignorance of the average Frenchman concerning golf. When M. Briand, for example, played his now famous game, there were solemn descriptions even in the leading newspapers of how he was learning to catch the ball skilfully on the rebound! It was also declared that at one hole he put the ball down five times to Mr. Lloyd George's three!

Sarah Bernhardt.

Among the holiday attractions were the revival of Edmond Rostand's most famous plays. "Cyrano de Bergerac," with Pierre Magnier in the name-part, never fails us on these occasions. It would be interesting to know how many times it has been produced at the Porte Saint-Martin. Then at the Théâtre Sarah-Bernhardt "L'Aiglon" was again brought out. It wears well; it can always be seen with pleasure. It is to be noted, too, that Sarah Bernhardt herself (who

has now completed her sixtieth year on the stage, and, far from desiring to conceal her age, is proud of her long service) appeared in a little piece specially written by Maurice Rostand—who really possesses a genius not dissimilar from that of his father—to commemorate, rather belatedly, the tercentenary of Molière. In "La Mort de Molière" she represented La Douleur.

Russians Again.

Then we have a sort of imitation of Babel's Chauve-Souris performance at the Théâtre Femina—though I suppose that Mme. Maria Kousnezoff would not care for the comparison. Indeed, the great Russian singer is nothing if not original, and the reminiscence of the Chauve-Souris is accidental and superficial. It is chiefly forced upon one because the items

are all short and intensely artistic. There are short dramas, striking tableaux, picturesque dances, illustrated songs—with costumes and décors by Bakst and Soudeikine. It is an admirable entertainment.

Hon. Diamond Hardinge.

Everybody who has ever come into contact with the Embassy world in Paris was deeply shocked to learn of the serious illness of the Hon. Diamond Hardinge. The daughter of the Ambassador has been an ideal hostess. For some days there was real anxiety. Her friends in London as well as in Paris must have felt some alarm.—SISLEY HUDDLESTON.



WORN AT THE VENETIAN FÊTE GIVEN IN PARIS BY THE ARTIST, M. BRUNELLESCHI: BEAUTIFUL AND SUMPTUOUS DRESSES.

Photograph by Henri Manuel.



REMINISCENT OF DRESSES IN THE VENETIAN SCENE OF "THE FUN OF THE FAYRE": A TRIO OF DRESSES WORN AT THE PARISIAN VENETIAN FÊTE.

M. Brunelleschi, the well-known Parisian artist, gave a wonderful Venetian fête recently. The sumptuous and artistic dresses worn by the guests recall the lovely costumes of the Venetian Scene in "The Fun of the Fayre."

Photograph by Henri Manuel.

complain of the weather.

Golf Courses.

Many of these English visitors, I find, go out to the golf links. Golf is a comparatively new game for France, and, as a fact, most of the links are some distance out. But the popularity of the game is increasing. It is surprising to find how greatly improved are the courses. Myself, I went down to Fontainebleau the other day with a party of players. What beautiful surroundings! One plays in a romantic setting. Moreover, there are few courses in England which are better laid out.

Bounding Balls!

Much nearer is the Chantilly course—the longest in France. The favourite, I think, is that of Compiègne. La Boulie, near Versailles, may not unfairly be said to have the best membership list. Then there is the new course at Saint Germain, and the close-by course of Saint Cloud. It will be seen that if the ancient and royal game is not yet

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To-day Rapson tyres are in mass production. Of the hundreds of tyres already sent out from our new factory, including those for use on Army vehicles, not one has yet failed. In many instances our guaranteed mileage has been greatly exceeded, and we are now quite satisfied that not only are the new tyres far and away better than the best previously made, but that these are so uniformly good that we can safely reduce our prices to that of ordinary pneumatics and still issue our *unconditional* "Guarantee against Everything" with each and every tyre sold.

ADMIRAL SIR LIONEL HALSEY, Comptroller to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, St. James's Palace.—"His Royal Highness's car has covered 10,000 miles since the tyres were fitted, and they have given complete satisfaction."

Mr. J. T. DAVIES, Private Secretary to the Prime Minister, 10, Downing Street.—"I have pleasure in informing you that these tyres have completed 10,700 miles without trouble of any description. The Prime Minister desires me to congratulate you heartily."

AIR-COMMODORE BROOKE-POPHAM, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Director of Research, Air Ministry.—"On armoured cars in the desert ordinary pneumatic tyres burst or punctured every few miles, whereas the Rapson tyre gave no trouble of any description."

Mr. H. NUTT, Managing Director, Messrs. Barker & Co., Ltd. (The famous Rolls-Royce coachbuilders).—"My demonstration car fitted with your tyres seems to float over the holes and pockets in the road. The tyres hold the road splendidly, and the car seems to take the hills better than ever."

Which is the world's best tyre? According to the advertisements there are dozens!
WE PREFER TO LEAVE IT TO THE EXPERTS!

Mr. S. E. EDGE (The world's leading authority on automobiles).—"On active service in the desert, Rapsons put up the most magnificent tyre performance ever recorded in the history of the motor industry."

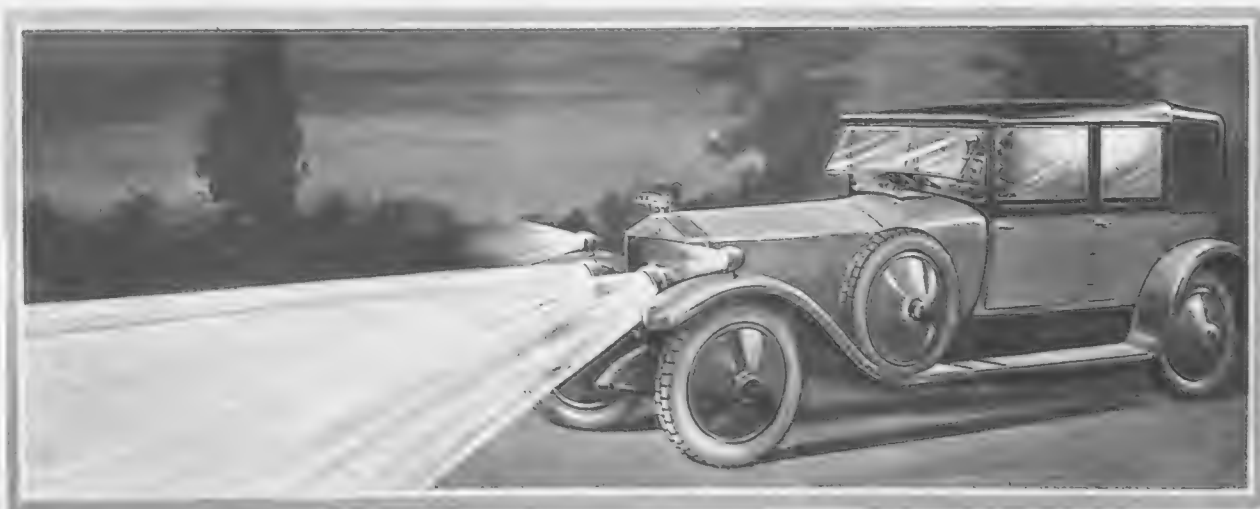
"DAILY MAIL" (Overseas Edition), Motoring Editor.—"The Rapson cover manifests a standard of quality that in my experience has never been equalled, let alone surpassed."

"COUNTRY LIFE" (W. H. J.).—"Having inspected carefully a Rapson Tyre, and the material with which it is made, we have no hesitation

in pronouncing it as something very much better than any other tyre we have hitherto seen."

"THE AUTOCAR" ("Owen John").—"The presence of Rapson Tyres on my car often makes me wonder if that genius, Lionel Rapson, would have troubled to invent the Rapson Jack if he had realised their freedom from trouble."

"THE FINANCIAL NEWS" (Editorial).—"The Rapson Tyre is, in our opinion, the most important single step that has yet been made towards the materialisation of the motor millennium."



H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' Rolls-Royce Car, fitted with Rapson tyres, Rapson jacks, and Rapson anti-dazzle dipping headlights.

Sixteen-page Illustrated Booklet, "Three British Inventions," sent free on request.

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Telephone: MALDEN 100-101-102.

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Telephone: MAYFAIR 1006-1007.



Glories of the Past and Pleasures of the Present.

If you care to steep yourself in the glories of the gone-by as well as in the pleasures of the present, you will find Biarritz a particularly interesting place. For here, in the Hotel du Palais, is the one-time residence of the Emperor Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugénie.

Napoleon built it for his consort and called it the Villa Eugénie. I am sure Americans of the globe-trotting variety and the new-rich British "aristocracy" must be properly thrilled to find themselves sleeping between sheets which bear the entwined "N. E." of the imperial pair! These are frequently dealt out to one at this hotel, and I have more than once found myself admiring the wonderful hand embroidery of these monograms—with their sprays of laurel-leaves running across—and the hand-sewn hem such as one rarely sees *de nos jours*. There is much scope for day-dreams, too, if you are given to that sort of thing: the several summers and autumns spent there by that unhappy couple and their heir of tragic destiny; and then, after the fall of the Empire, the villa becomes in turn a casino and an hotel! *Tout passe, tout casse, tout lasse*! With an added couple of floors it makes a palatial hotel, and monarchs have continued to be numbered among its visitors.

Would you like to see the suite which was often occupied by King Edward? Then all you have to do is to walk along the terrace and through the door, for everything remains as when our late King dwelt there—pink sitting-room and satinwood bed-room and so forth, all on the ground floor and with

The Close of the English Season.

The English season is now practically over, and next will be the advent of Spain's *hidalgos* and their families. French people are beginning to arrive—as a kind of stop-gap, it would seem—but we still hold our own. Lord and Lady Ludlow were dinner hosts at the Palais the other night, and their table looked delightful with its basket-decoration of tulips grown in the hotel grounds. Lady Ludlow wore a bright frock of jade-green; it had *diamanté* shoulder-straps which suddenly transformed themselves into bell-ropes of dark-blue velvet at the back; and to keep them company there was a big bow of the velvet in front. The Hon. Percy and Mrs. Thellusson were included in the party, and so were Sir Basil and Lady Montgomery, Major and Mrs. Saunderson, the Hon. Mrs. Anson, and popular Colonel Finlay. Mrs. Thellusson's dress was a very pretty one of amber beads on *crêpe-de-Chine* of the same colour—how we all love these beaded frocks! They are becoming almost a uniform!

Distinguished French Visitors.

An interesting contrast I noticed was supplied by the big party at a huge round table close by, for they were all French, apparently—sixteen of them: Prince and Princesse de Chimay, Comte and Comtesse d'Arcangues, Mme. de Zulueta, Mlle. de Morny, Mme. L'Eglise amongst others, and they nearly all wore black. Two certainly wore white frocks, and one had on a big black hat; but, somehow, their style of dressing for dinner is so different from ours! There is a *je ne sais quoi* in their method of doing their hair and in the whole scheme of things which distinguishes the Latin races unmistakably—even though we wear Paris-made clothes and have a French *coiffeur*! After dinner everyone meandered into the ball-room, as is the rule on one night a week. Lady Ludlow danced with the professional from the Casino, who made an unexpected appearance "by special request." Lord Ludlow was but a fitful dancer; but Sir Basil Montgomery took the floor more than once. To please some of the Spaniards and French present, the hotel band played a couple of tangos—but not a single English person took part! Evidently the tango still refuses to "take" with us.

Off to Spain.

With many regrets we have parted with Captain and Mrs. Dudley Coats, and they have left the Hotel du Palais to continue their honeymoon in Madrid and Seville. Mrs. Coats travelled away in a smart and sensible

coat of black cloth with the prevalent pouched back; and her tiny face with its bunches of dark fluffy hair was almost lost in a huge collar of grey lamb's-wool.

All the women took great interest in Mrs. Coats's trousseau frocks, and eagerly watched

for the appearance every evening of a different one! Personally, I liked best the Nattier-blue one which relied on ruchings of its own for adornment; but there were several other pretty ones—for instance, there was a white-patterned blue *crêpe* with bands of



A WOMAN EXPLORER AND SOME OF HER PETS: MRS. O. E. HOWETSON.

Mrs. O. E. Howetson brought back a number of pets from her trip in South America, and is shown with a group of them at her country house at Ditton. Her trip up the Upper Amazon was a remarkable and hazardous journey, and she had many adventures. The small monkey on the left is a Capuchin, and is thought to be the only one of its kind in England.—[Photograph by C.P.A.]

silver lace over jade-green, and a pale coral *crêpe*, also with silver lace, which had bindings of turquoise-blue ribbon. On the links the bride sometimes wore a dark-red fisherman's jersey—you know the kind, all rumpled up round the hips!—and a grey felt hat whose brim was most cunningly folded and held together with ruby- and diamond bars.

Al-fresco Tea at the Golf Club.

Talking of the links reminds me that on one occasion (would that there had been more!) the weather had so far calmed down as to permit al-fresco tea there. How we enjoyed it! And such a real "Englishy" tea, too! Real toast—not the *pain grillé* which masquerades as such on the Continent—and toasted spiced buns (just like those which have been so long the great attraction on the Terrace of the House of Commons), and plum jam!

Lord and Lady Greville have just arrived, and have brought their schoolboys with them. Lord Greville has lost little time in appearing on the links, and we are looking forward to seeing his good-looking wife. Lord and Lady Ludlow have been among the golfers too; Lady Ludlow one afternoon appeared in an all-brown get-up which I liked much. Brown looks as well as anything on the links, believe me, in spite of what some may say as to the attractions of bright colours.



A "MAYFAIR AND MONTMARTRE" FAVOURITE, WITH MING: MISS ANITA ELSON AND HER PEKINGESE.

Miss Anita Elson is playing in the New Oxford revue, "Mayfair and Montmartre." Our snapshot shows her with her pet Peke, Ming.

Photograph by S. and G.

a view of the sea. When the King of Spain arrives, out comes the solid silver plate of Imperial days, and the blue salon, with its *plaques* of Napoleon and Eugénie, must surely fancy itself back in the days of its grandeur.

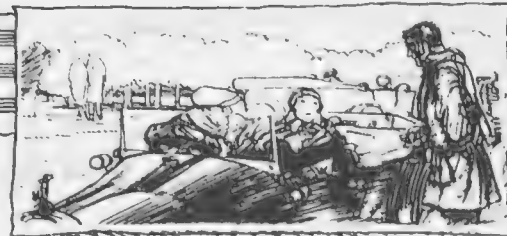


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Motor Dicta. By Heniochus.

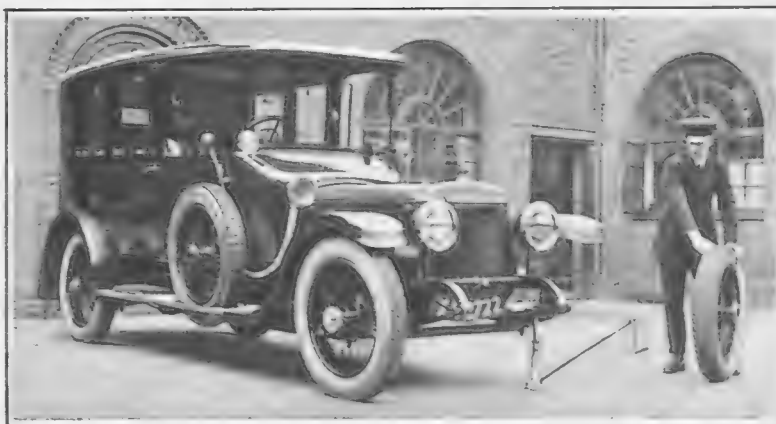


Mr. Gerald Biss.

Alas! the pen that wrote these lines last week is still for ever, for Father Time with his sweeping scythe has suddenly cut away from his multitude of friends dear old Gerry Biss. Readers of his bright and breezy "Motor Dicta" will be sad to learn that he died quite suddenly from heart failure on Saturday, April 15. Novelist, writer on motoring, and *bon viveur*, he will be missed by a wide circle of pals in which he was a unique figure with his perpetual optimism and witty remarks. He had no enemies, and what better proof of his kindly heart can any man wish for his epitaph? Gerald Biss was the fourth and only surviving son of the late Dr. C. Yates Biss, of Harley Street. Educated at Leys School and Trinity Hall, Cambridge, he came down from the 'Varsity with D'Arcy R. Baker, Jack Ernest Hutton, and the late Charlie Rolls, all of them keen on motors, so that—despite, it may be said, his aversion from mechanics—his friends made him a motorist in the days when motors stopped longer and oftener than ran on the roads. No man better than Gerry, however, appreciated the value of the motor-car—when it would go—to open the delights of the road to the lover of nature and the antiquary. In fact, his keenness in criminology first started from a motor tour on which he visited an ancient hostelry at Colnbrook that is credited with a ghost and a chamber sacred to Dick Turpin. For Gerald Biss was also a prominent member of a circle generally known as the Crimes Club. *Vale*, old friend and comrade.

Haunted Inns. In these days of easy travel the spirit of petrol haunts the ancient roadside inn more than spectres, though quite a number of ancient hostleries whose trade has seen better times have added a ghost or haunted chamber to their attractions to bring visitors. Even the Colnbrook ghost yarn was proved to be a fable twenty years ago, so this old Elizabethan coaching inn, The Ostrich, to-day attracts the motorist driving westward to halt by reason of its Queen Elizabeth's Room and its Blue Chamber. In the former, it is asserted, good Queen Bess rested, while a wheel of her coach was repaired or replaced which had broken down while crossing the ford of the River Colne. Possibly also, as the Queen liked good ale, she wanted to stop. Anyway, her Royal Arms are to be seen over the mantelpiece. As for the Blue Chamber, sacred to the memory of Dick Turpin, tradition states that he once leaped from the window on the first floor, and so escaped when pressed by the minions of the law. But the ghost of Thomas Cole, who enjoyed a notoriety for some centuries as paying particular attention to the occupant sleeping in the Blue Chamber, started the other inn-keepers in the district

to copy the method of producing "the ghost to walk" by sundry high charges for various refreshments two hundred years ago, according to some chroniclers. I rather fancy that the habit continues. In fact, after touring all over England, Scotland, and Wales, the only reputed haunted inn I could find was one on the end of Exmoor, the Acland Arms, which lies deserted and uninhabited, because, it was stated, the wraith of Farmer Mole haunts its precincts. True conviviality absorbs spirits at times, and evidently inns are not friendly to ghosts, so they shun them. But in regard to inn charges one's memory is



RAPID WORK WITH THE RAPSON: THE FAMOUS JACK IN ACTION.

The average time taken (under R.A.C. supervision) to position a Rapson jack beneath both front and rear wheels of this Daimler, ready for lifting, was three seconds. The average time taken to raise the wheel from the bare rim sufficiently high to fit an 895 by 150 mm. oversize Rapson tyre was thirty-five seconds. These "times" speak for the efficiency of the mechanism of this jack, which is standardised on every car belonging to the Royal Family.

brought back to the epigram written many years ago on a coaching inn on the Bath Road at Speen, near Newbury—

The famous house at Speenhamland
That stands upon the hill
May well be called The Pelican
From its enormous bill.



A BRIDE-TO-BE AND A KEEN MOTORIST: LADY MOYRA BRODRICK, WHO IS ENGAGED TO MAJOR H. C. LOYD, D.S.O., M.C.

Lady Moyra Brodrick, the youngest daughter of Lord Midleton, is engaged to Major H. C. Loyd, D.S.O., M.C., Coldstream Guards. She is a keen motorist and drove a car on military service during the war.

Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.

I fancy this old house has long ago disappeared, or I have passed too quickly on this road to note its sign. That is the worst of driving yourself; you cannot see all you want to on both sides of the road and yet keep steadily

on it. And to-day it is more than ever necessary to keep one's eyes on the road before you, as speeds are faster and drivers seem to know less about driving than ever.

Speed-Limits. My dining acquaintance, Mr. Arthur Neal, M.P., the Parliamentary Secretary of the Ministry of Transport—I only meet him at various public luncheons and dinners—evidently is determined to let the critics on that Ministry blow themselves out by gassing at the meetings of the Departmental Committee on the Taxation and Regulation of Road Vehicles, as, though this hard-working body has recently produced its second interim report of seventy-two pages, he has given them another job to consider afresh the whole question of taxation of mechanically propelled vehicles. Does not that sound splendid—as if a reduction in taxes is coming about? But not a bit of it. "A. N.," in his best smiling manner, has told the committee it has got to find £10,000,000 per annum from the motor-owners, just as he lifted this amount last year. So it seems a pity to waste their time, and I should like Charlie Jarrott, Stenson Cooke, and other shining lights in motordom to have a real summer holiday instead of sitting on this talking machine. Possibly its sub-title should be "The Ready Writer," for its latest report is not only voluminous but humorous in its scope. It suggests, for instance, that a motor-car in its legal definition shall include all mechanically propelled vehicles which do not exceed two-and-a-half tons in unladen weight, as after two tons they are now legally "heavy" motor-cars. But the particular item in the report that will interest the road-user is the recommendation that the present speed-limit should be abolished. As no one takes a great deal of notice of that maximum legal speed permitted to-day, I do not suppose it will encourage folk to drive faster than they do at present. But in the next few lines of the document it is stated that "the public would be more effectively protected and less irritation caused to careful motorists by the rigid enforcement of regulations as to, and the imposition of heavier penalties for, dangerous driving." And everybody has his own views on what constitutes dangerous driving, so I can foresee a greater "irritation" of the "careful motorist" in the future, plus a depletion of his exchequer, as the first-offence fine is "not exceeding £50," with £100 and, or, imprisonment with or without hard labour for six months for the second or subsequent offence. But it is not the law yet, so, ye careful drivers, all hope is not gone that you may be saved from the wisdom of speed-limits.

The Wonderful ESSEX CAR

complete—ready for the road

£490

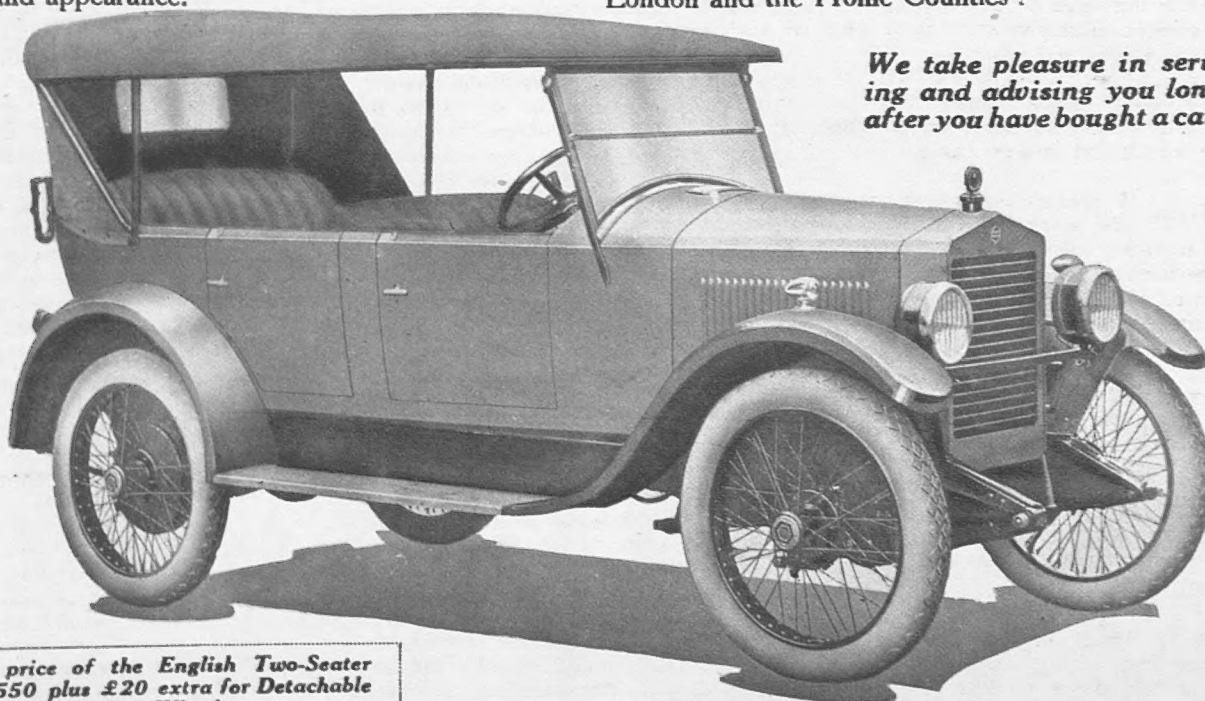
STANDARD TOURING CAR
FOR EARLY DELIVERY

The sturdy Essex engine has none of the 'Woolliness' often found in American cars. It is a brisk, lively, flexible unit with surprising power on hills. The whole car is built soundly throughout and is designed for really long and hard work. The appearance is delightful, original body lines making it a pleasure to behold, whilst the hood with side curtains opening with the doors makes the car to all intents and purposes into a closed one. The price—remarkably low—buys you a reliable car of undeniable distinction in performance and appearance.

plus £20 for Detachable Wire Wheels

The 'Times' motoring correspondent says "Over here we like to feel a car pick up its speed rapidly and cleanly—the Essex meets this demand to a praiseworthy degree. The steering is light and steady, the clutch smooth. The four cylinders are detachable and also have a detachable head—a good combination. Special aluminium pistons are used, and the inlet valves are placed overhead." Why not come to our Showrooms and inspect the various Essex models, of which we are sole wholesale and retail distributors for London and the Home Counties?

We take pleasure in serving and advising you long after you have bought a car.



The price of the English Two-Seater is £550 plus £20 extra for Detachable Wire Wheels.

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WOMAN'S WAYS By MABEL HOWARD



Penberthy has carried out this fascinating jumper in primrose-yellow silk, decorating it with a beautiful floral design.

The Vagaries of Fashion.

Until recently, straw was always associated with hats, but Dame Fashion has decided that it must now serve other purposes as well. For instance, a green silk sunshade is bordered with several rows of the finest straw; while one of shell-pink ninon is finished with a frill of straw and decorated with one big straw rose. Bright-coloured straws are used to embroider many of the new three-piece suits; and straw hand-bags, lined with cretonne and finished with galalithe tops, are to be seen in Paris. Leather is no longer monopolised by the glove-maker. Many tailors are using ordinary brown kid to make the most beautiful appliqué designs, which give an original *cachet* to an otherwise plain costume. Wool is always a favourite trimming, and this summer it will be seen on the finest of organdie and cotton-voile frocks. A garden-party creation of white organdie is tucked from shoulder to hem, and each tuck is edged with little loops of coarse rose-coloured yarn. A white ribbon sash embroidered with yarn flowers is worn with this charming frock, and a large organdie hat with wool flowers placed under the brim.

Evening Frocks for the Débutante.

There is nothing more pleasing to the artist in dress than designing an apparently simple frock for sweet seventeen. Some of the new creations are carried out in ivory washing net embroidered with the narrowest of braid. The braid, of course, stands out in relief, and a bold design of water-lilies and leaves round the hem of a rather wide skirt is really beautiful. Other frocks have a net panel back and front which is braided with baskets of flowers and flowing ribbons. Taffetas frocks have an old-fashioned berthe round the shoulders; but, instead of being carried out in lace, this is made of innumerable flat taffetas flowers held lightly together at the point of each petal by a silver thread. The short corsage is always permissible for the young girl, and, arranged in lace over a rose-pink skirt, it is really exquisite. The tiny sleeves consist of wild roses and velvet ribbon, which is twisted twice round the arm and tied in a very long bow just above the elbow.

Cretonne and Its Uses.

Cretonne is returning with the sunshine; but, instead of appearing in its natural state, it is painted, embroidered, and disguised out of all recognition. Some of the summer hats, made of coarse canvas, are covered with the smallest of cretonne flowers of the rosebud and forget-me-not type. Each flower is over-worked with silk exactly the same shade, giving the hat a soft, quilted appearance. White piqué waistcoats, cut in Louis the Fourteenth style, have the flaps ornamented with vivid cretonne roses of generous proportions. Canvas sunshades are decorated with brilliant cretonne birds of every hue; these are often finished, where legs and beaks are concerned, by thick 'body-colour'. Bunches of fruit are treated in the same way; apples and lemons, rather larger than natural size, are accompanied by shaded blue leaves so cleverly adjusted that it is difficult to see where the cretonne finishes and the paint begins. The most fascinating frocks for children are made of white cotton crêpe with little Chinese scenes cut out of bright-blue cretonne at the hem. Each scene is different, and embroidered on to the frock with blue silk.

The Fascination of Beads.

Some of the prettiest frocks from Paris consist of a georgette jumper entirely embroidered with the smallest and most wonderfully tinted beads, and an accordion-pleated skirt of silk crêpe.

The jumpers are really works of art. Imagine the softest of golden-brown ninon embroidered with cornflower-blue daisies, which are worked in such small beads that from a distance the material appears printed. A white jumper has a closely fitting band round the hips



Penberthy has used blue brushed wool and stripes of a contrasting colour for this delightful knitted coat.

Frocks for the Tiny Tots.

Where is it possible to find three little people more adorably dressed than those pictured at the foot of this page? Their frocks are just exactly what children's clothes should be, simple and charming. D. H. Evans and Co., Oxford Street, is responsible for them. The white crêpe-de-Chine dress has a wide red hem, and the appliqué roses are as fascinating as the little maiden herself. Emerald-green stockinette is used for the second frock. This is embroidered back and front with

yellow silk, and finished with a knitted silk sash; the price is 37s. 11d. The fancy straw hat to go with this frock is trimmed with ribbon, and can be obtained in all colours for 16s. 11d. The powder-blue crêpe - de - Chine is also delightful.

(Continued overleaf.)

Oliver & Sons



The first wee maiden is wearing a white crêpe-de-Chine frock with red hems; while her sister prefers a bright-green embroidered jersey dress. Blue crêpe-de-Chine and steel beads are used for the third little frock. Sketched at D. H. Evans and Co.



For One Guinea you may possess a Reproduction of the Real Pearl Necklet you have so long wished for.

You may be deciding to indulge in a real pearl necklace costing about £400. Why contemplate such a risky investment in these days of bad business when the famous

Ciro Pearls

are available? Not only may you possess for one guinea the absolute facsimile of the £400 necklet of your dreams, but you are £398.19.0 to the good to invest in a safer direction.

And even if you did not contemplate spending more than £1.1.0, you profit just the same, for, in return for the guinea spent on **Ciro Pearls**, you secure a necklet which represents a few hundred pounds' worth in appearance.

After a most complete investigation into the reason for the world-wide popularity of **Ciro Pearls**, "TRUTH," in their issue of March 1st, state: — "Ciro Pearls are frankly reproductions, but they are perfect reproductions. In weight, hardness, and lustre there is no detectable difference to the ordinary eye between the **Ciro Pearl** and the natural pearl. . . . The expert has, indeed, been again and again misled into thinking that **Ciro Pearls** are the product of the oyster and not of the laboratory."

OUR UNIQUE OFFER.

On receipt of one guinea we will send you a necklet of **Ciro Pearls**, 16 inches long, with clasp and case complete, or a ring, brooch, ear-rings or any other **Ciro Pearl** jewel in hand-made gold settings. If, after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls, they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within fifteen days and we will refund your money. **Ciro Pearl** necklets may also be obtained in any length required. We have a large staff of expert pearl stringers.

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by their
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Style,
Quality
and
Finish.

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44, Barbican, London E.C.4.



CAMERA STUDY OF MISS MALVINA LONGFELLOW WEARING A *Condor Hat*
BY DOROTHY WILDING.

WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

Frocks for the Older Woman.

Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, are making a specialty of model frocks for the older woman. These delightful gowns, suitable for luncheons and receptions, are carried out in all the newest shades, and

approaches it is impossible to have too many of these delightful garments. Bright and light colours are always attractive, and as these coats clean, wash, and dye with great success, they are most economical and practically everlasting. Penberthy, Oxford Street, is responsible for the one in

brushed wool pictured on page 158. It is delicate powder-blue in colour, and is finished with the fashionable long roll-collar; the price is 42s. This can also be obtained with the rever collar, and ornamented with contrasting stripes, for the same price. The crocheted jumper to

made soft and lustrous, quite like new. The secret of this lies in the fact that the Castlebank Works possess the exclusive rights to the "Franco-Barbe" process of cleaning and dyeing—that wonderful invention which, incidentally, has cut down so many dress bills. Waterproofs are restored to their natural shade, and never have that washed appearance which so often stamps them with the "just-been-cleaned" look. Periodically, the firm issue a bright and interesting little magazine price-list called "Fleur-de-Lys." This contains all kinds of information concerning the fashions of the day, and full details of the Castlebank service. It is sent free on application. Mention this paper and write to: The Castlebank Dyeworks, Anniesland, Glasgow.

The Care of the Hands.

Beautiful hands, soft and white, are one of the greatest charms that a woman can possess. Few women neglect their faces, but many forget that the hands—used by the practical woman of to-day in every kind of work and sport—need some corrective to preserve their colour and attraction. A few drops of "Ess Viotto"—prepared by Bronnley and Company—rubbed well into the hands after washing will work wonders. It gives that pearl-like smoothness of texture which characterises the perfect skin, and leaves a lingering fragrance of violets for the rest of the day. "Ess Viotto" is not a greasy preparation, and is very beneficial for the arms and complexion. A few drops, sprinkled on a sponge squeezed out in hot water, should be passed over the face every evening.

the left of page 158 will find many admirers. It is carried out in primrose-yellow artificial silk, into which a beautiful floral design has been worked. The price is 39s. 11d., and the jumper is made in almost every colour.

Gowns for the Casino.

In view of the coming season, and thoughts that turn longingly to the casino, women are again thinking of new gowns. Black is always a favourite, so Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, have designed the beautiful model pictured here in heavy crêpe marocain, and trimmed it with jet and beads. This frock is a marvel of cunning drapery, while cleverly adjusted side-panels float below the

uneven hem, and long georgette sleeves are caught at the wrist in a fascinating manner. Georgette dinner dresses, literally in all the colours of the rainbow, are to be obtained for 12½ guineas. One of cornflower-blue georgette is draped from shoulder to hem; there is no belt in front, but a girdle of hand-made flowers holds the fulness in place at the sides and back. A delightful gown of amber crêpe marocain with long sleeves costs 12½ guineas. This is embroidered in the same tone with vermicelli silk, and finished with a short loose coat; it would make a charming three-piece suit. This gown—and, indeed, many of the out-of-door frocks—will be sent on approval if desired.

New Clothes for Old Clothes.

Scotland has long been recognised as the home of cleaning and dyeing, and the Castlebank Dyeworks have succeeded in raising cleaning, dyeing, and repairing to the level of an art. Your last summer's dresses are returned to you in their original charm,



These exquisite Paris models are carried out in crêpe marocain and georgette. Steel trimming is used on the frock to the left; while silk embroidery enhances the other. Sketched at Dickins and Jones.

designed to show to advantage the mature beauty of the woman who has just passed the summer of life. To the left of this page is pictured a navy-blue georgette frock with wide accordion-pleated sleeves, and graceful lines of steel trimmings. This Paris model can be copied in any shade desired for 16½ guineas. Golden-brown crêpe marocain ornamented with bright silk embroidery forms the other gown. The important features are the padded belt and quaint sleeves, which are caught at the wrist and slit up to the elbow; the price is 23½ guineas, and everyone who sees this exquisite creation will acknowledge that it is well worth the money. Navy-blue wool crêpe makes a charming frock that can be worn out of doors on the first warm day. This is made in the simple chemise style, and ornamented with strips of black brocaded ciré ribbon picked out with cornflower-blue beads. The price is 18 guineas. A visit to Dickins and Jones's new salons is a pleasure which no woman should forego, as there are frocks for every age—"plenty for all and to spare."

Coats of Many Colours.

A knitted coat is indispensable all the year round, but as summer



What could be more becoming than this gown of black crêpe marocain ornamented with jet? The novel sleeves are of georgette. Sketched at Harvey Nichols.